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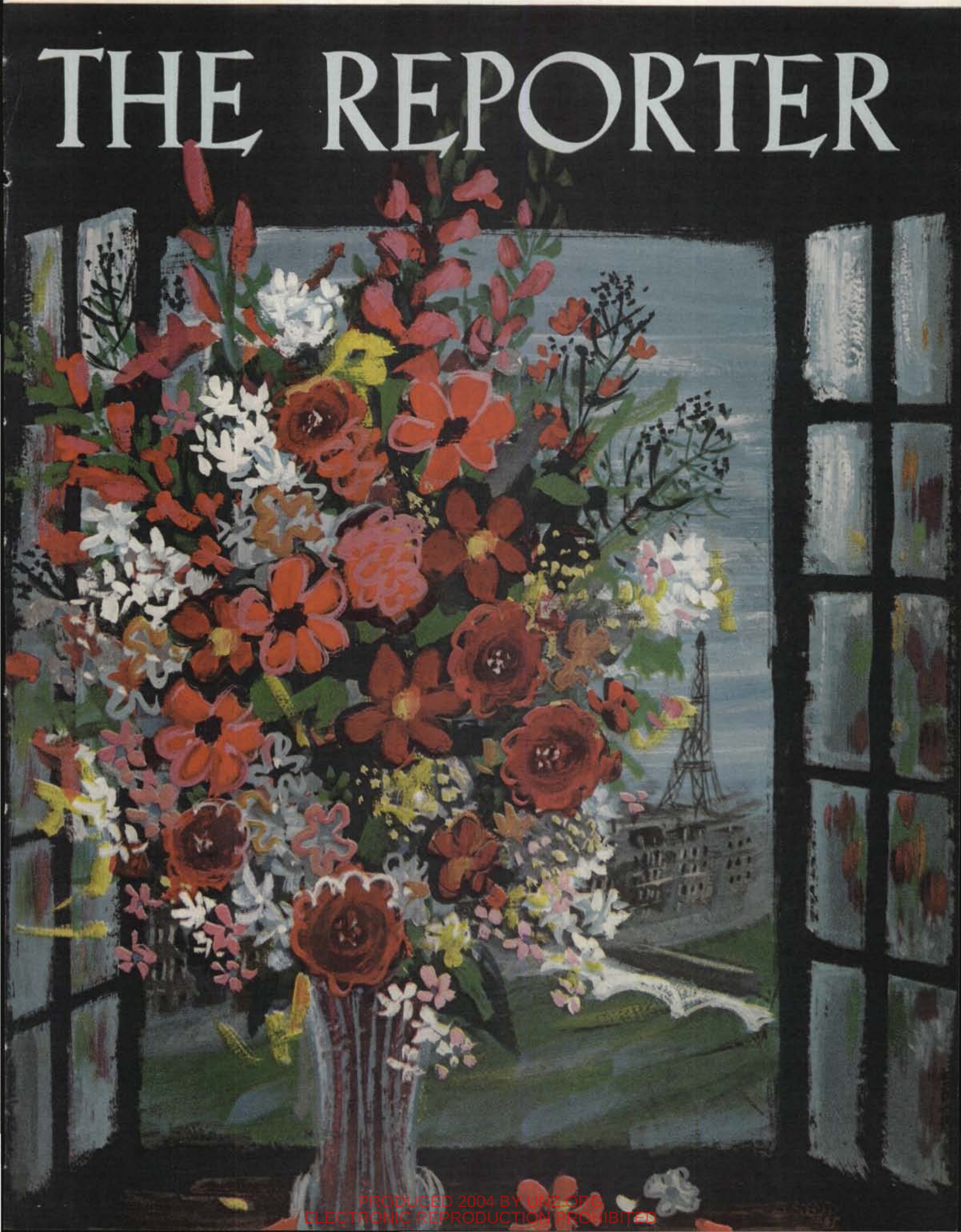

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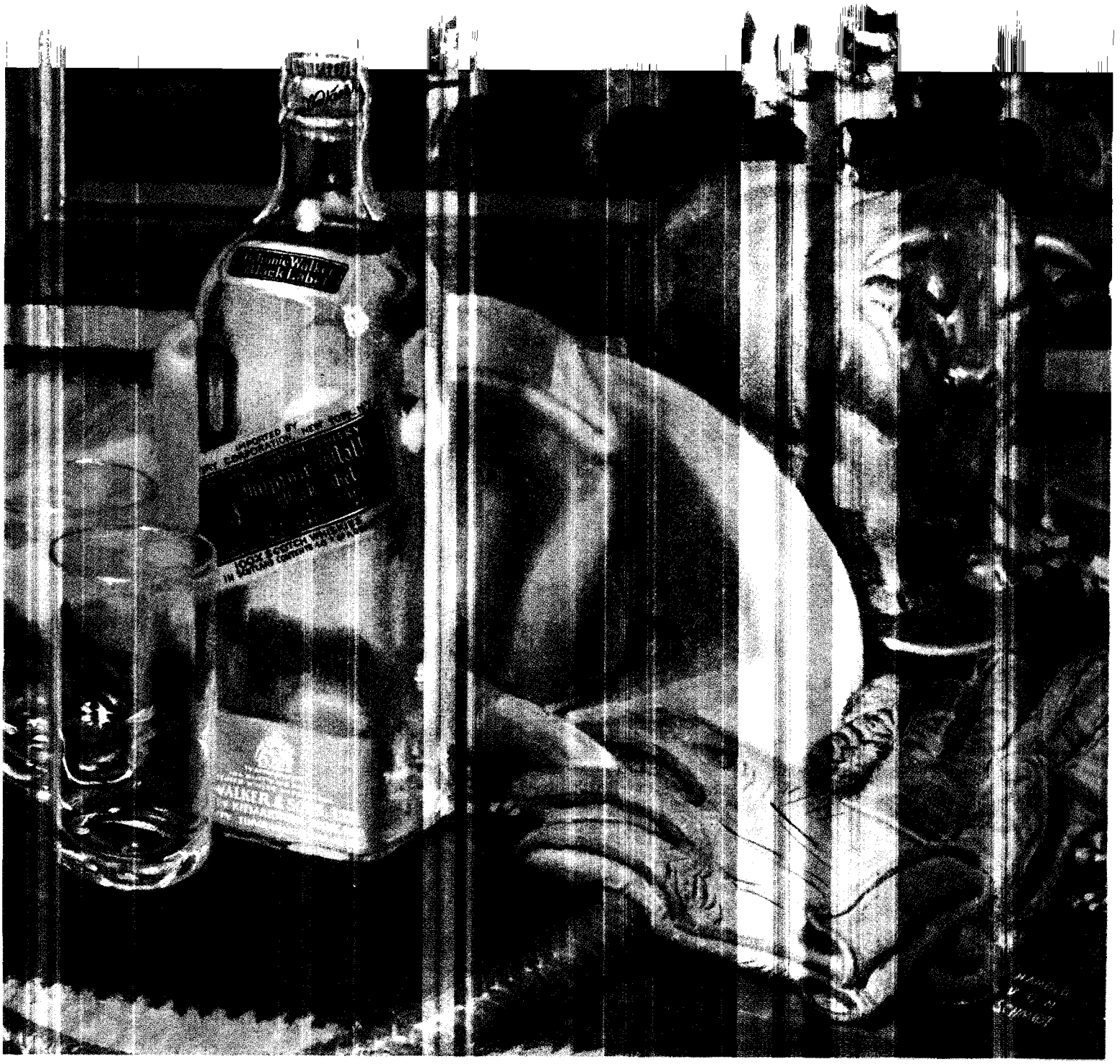

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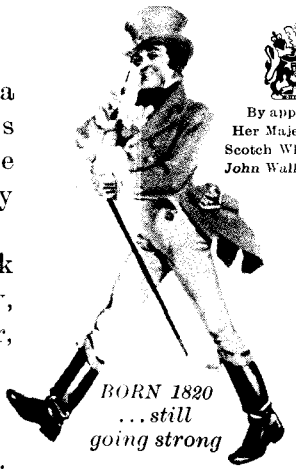

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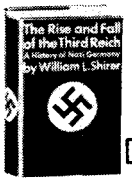

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186. HAWAII *by* JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price $6.95)

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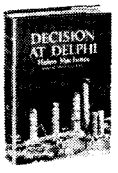

436. DECISION AT DELPHI *by* HELEN MACINNES (Retail price $4.95)

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450. FATE IS THE HUNTER *by* ERNEST K. GANN (Retail price $6)

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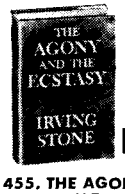

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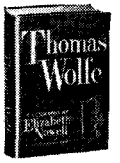

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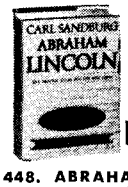

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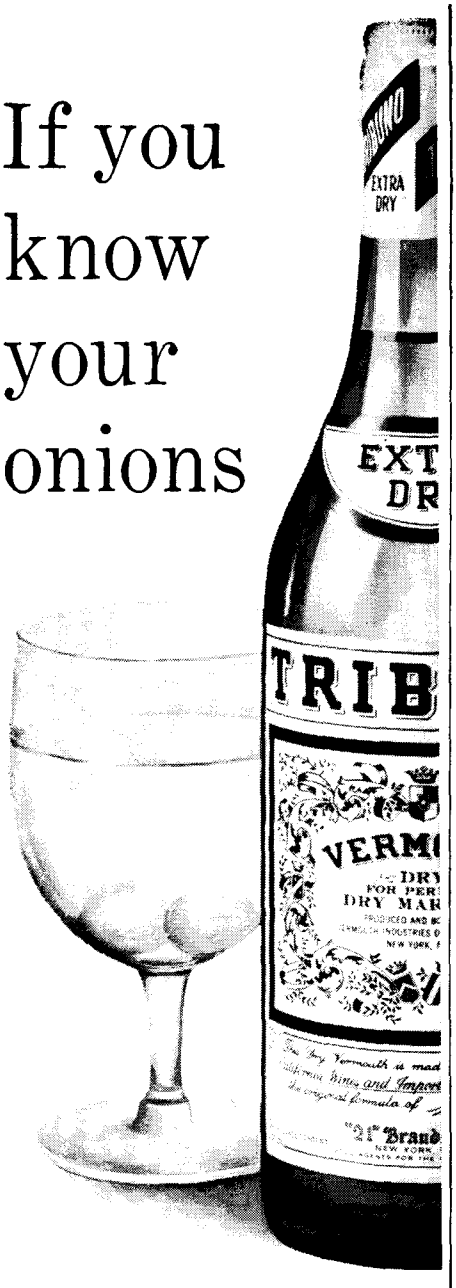

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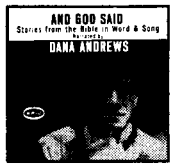

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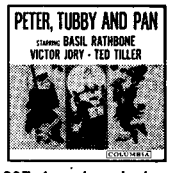

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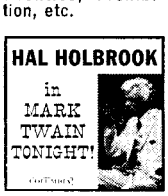

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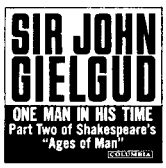

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of talk around lately about Africa for the Africans, or the Americas for the Americans, and so on—a sort of tautological rhetoric that flourishes from time to time in our country, usually doing no particular harm. Our nation has always been inclined to adopt other countries, and indeed, in our generous wholesale way, other continents. But lately, some of the more exuberant declarations of our new leaders have alarmed our allies. **Max Ascoli** takes a rather philosophical view of the matter, convinced that the Kennedy administration knows where the center of our power lies and that we face the Communist bloc not by ourselves alone but with the alliance we belong to. . . . **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, reports on the situation in NATO from the European country that has been most worried of late: France—a nation that is to be given the greatest consideration for many reasons, including the fact that the present head of the French nation is a man who will stand for no nonsense, who is perhaps inclined to play the tune of Europe for the Europeans, and who is certainly overscornful of the United Nations, in which we rightly place so much hope. . . . If Belgium produced a crisis in the Congo by its sudden decision to give that region its freedom, Portugal has created a crisis in Angola by remaining adamantly determined to hold on to this most profitable region of the last purely colonial empire in Africa. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, reports from Lisbon on the declining fortunes of Dr. Antonio Salazar and his seemingly losing fight to preserve his underdeveloped colony and to retain power in his underdeveloped homeland.

ON MARCH 29, when Congress voted to extend the United States's present sugar-marketing system, those newspapers that reported the fact at all consigned it to the depths of their financial pages. **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, and **Walter Pincus,** Washington correspondent for *News Focus,* show, however, that America's sweet tooth results in expenditures in Latin America far greater than President Kennedy's proposed aid program is likely to produce. Mr. Cater and Mr. Pincus have recently won a New York Newspaper Guild Page One Award for their previous joint article, "The Foreign Legion of U.S. Public Relations" (*The Reporter,* December 22, 1960). . . . Carmine De Sapio, leader of New York's Tammany Hall, finds himself opposed by the combined forces of the White House, the New York reform group, and even the inoffensive Mayor Robert F. Wagner himself. **Meg Greenfield,** a member of our staff, concludes that De Sapio will probably go, but goes on to raise some questions about who can replace him. . . . If the American economy in general has become sluggish, the steel industry in particular must be so described. The author of our second and concluding article on the crisis in steel is an expert in the field with neither management nor labor ties. . . . **George Soloveytchik,** who discusses affairs in the Netherlands, is a correspondent for American, British, and Continental publications. . . . Though the Russians are still novices in African affairs, they are determined to produce a corps of expert Africanists in the near future. **Marvin Kalb,** CBS News correspondent in Moscow, recently visited the Soviet Union's new Institute of Africa and talked with its energetic director.

ONE OF Italy's current best-sellers (it is outselling such popular favorites as *Lolita*) is a tome called *Ulisse,* which is the product of five years' work by Giulio de Angelis—approximately the same amount of time it took James Joyce to write the book from which it is translated. **Sidney Alexander** reviews this first complete Italian rendering of Joyce's masterpiece. Mr. Alexander is living in Italy and preparing the second part of his fictionalized biography of Michelangelo. The first part, *Michelangelo the Florentine,* is published by Random House. . . . **Medardo Rodriguez,** an editor of *Visión,* discusses the case of prisoner No. 46-788-60 in a Mexican jail. Arrested six months ago, the painter David Alfaro Siqueiros has been something of an embarrassment to the Mexican authorities ever since. . . . **Nat Hentoff** is the author of *The Jazz Life,* soon to be published by Dial. . . . **Marya Mannes** reviews the latter part of the Broadway season and also reviews some of her own reactions to the earlier part. . . . **William Lee Miller,** a former *Reporter* staff writer, is now at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in California. . . . **George Steiner's** *The Death of Tragedy* is being published by Knopf. . . . **Ann Birstein** is the author of *The Trouble Maker* (Dodd, Mead).

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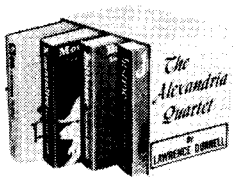

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THE BOOK

To the Editor: George Steiner's article on the New English Bible (*The Reporter,* March 16) certainly covers the historical background well. I must say, however, that I was disappointed with the way in which he proceeded to judge the merits and demerits of the New English New Testament, and that I disagree with his conclusion.

As to the former, it was inevitable, I suppose, that he compare the NEB with the Authorized Version, since the AV is still *the* Holy Bible of so many English-speaking Bible-reading Protestants. But in evaluating the worth of a translation the two basic tests are: (1) Is it faithful to the original? and (2) Is it intelligible to the reader? On both counts there is simply no comparison between the NEB and the AV.

With regard to fidelity to the original text, the AV is not faithful because its "original" Greek New Testament was a late and corrupt edition (the so-called *Textus Receptus*), which embodies over five thousand wrong readings. The text on which the NEB is based is much older, much more authentic, and much closer to the original autographs than the text of which the AV was a translation.

With respect to the second crucial test, the AV is just as inadequate, just as deficient, just as objectionable. Is the King James language intelligible? Already in 1611, as Mr. Steiner rightly points out, it was somewhat archaic. For today's reader, 350 years later, it is in countless places obscure, misleading, and nonsensical.

The King James is a masterpiece of English literature, and should be treated as such. But the Bible was not written as a literary masterpiece. It is religious literature, and any translation of it should strive to convey the same meaning and evoke from the reader the same reaction as effected by the original.

I am very much impressed with the NEB and really do not feel that Mr. Steiner has dealt adequately with its merits and demerits. If the New Testament has any kind of contemporary meaning and relevance, if its message is still pertinent in the atomic and space age of man, then it must appear in a translation that is both faithful and meaningful; and on both counts, I would say, the NEB passes with flying colors.

ROBERT G. BRATCHER
American Bible Society
New York City

To the Editor: Judging from the passages quoted by George Steiner, this New Testament of the New English Bible is, like the Revised Standard Version, a flagrant assault on the King James Version. Steiner speaks of the irritating mixture of coyness and colloquialism in this new attempt to improve upon the original in contrast to the regal simplicity and graphic imagery of the King James Version. Whatever the motives of the revisionists may be, they are equally successful in turning majestic poetry into banal prose. It is comparable to rewriting the songs of Shakespeare and Burns in the mode of Edgar Guest.

To those who would syllogize a new heaven and a new earth, I can only cry with Emerson, "Cannot you let the morning be?"

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD
Hingham, Massachusetts

To the Editor: With all due deference to Mr. Steiner for the valuable information he has provided, it seems to me that the most astute critical evaluation of the New English Bible was written some thirty-eight years before it was published, by that most Christian of village atheists, H. L. Mencken: "Whoever it was who translated the Bible into excellent French prose," Mencken wrote, "is chiefly responsible for the collapse of Christianity in France. Contrariwise, the men who put the Bible into archaic, sonorous and often unintelligible English gave Christianity a new lease of life wherever English is spoken. They did their work at a time of great theological blather and turmoil, when men of all sorts, even the least intelligent, were beginning to take a vast and unhealthy interest in exege-

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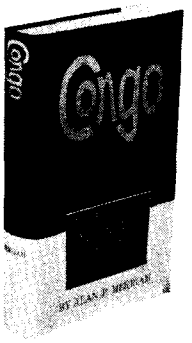

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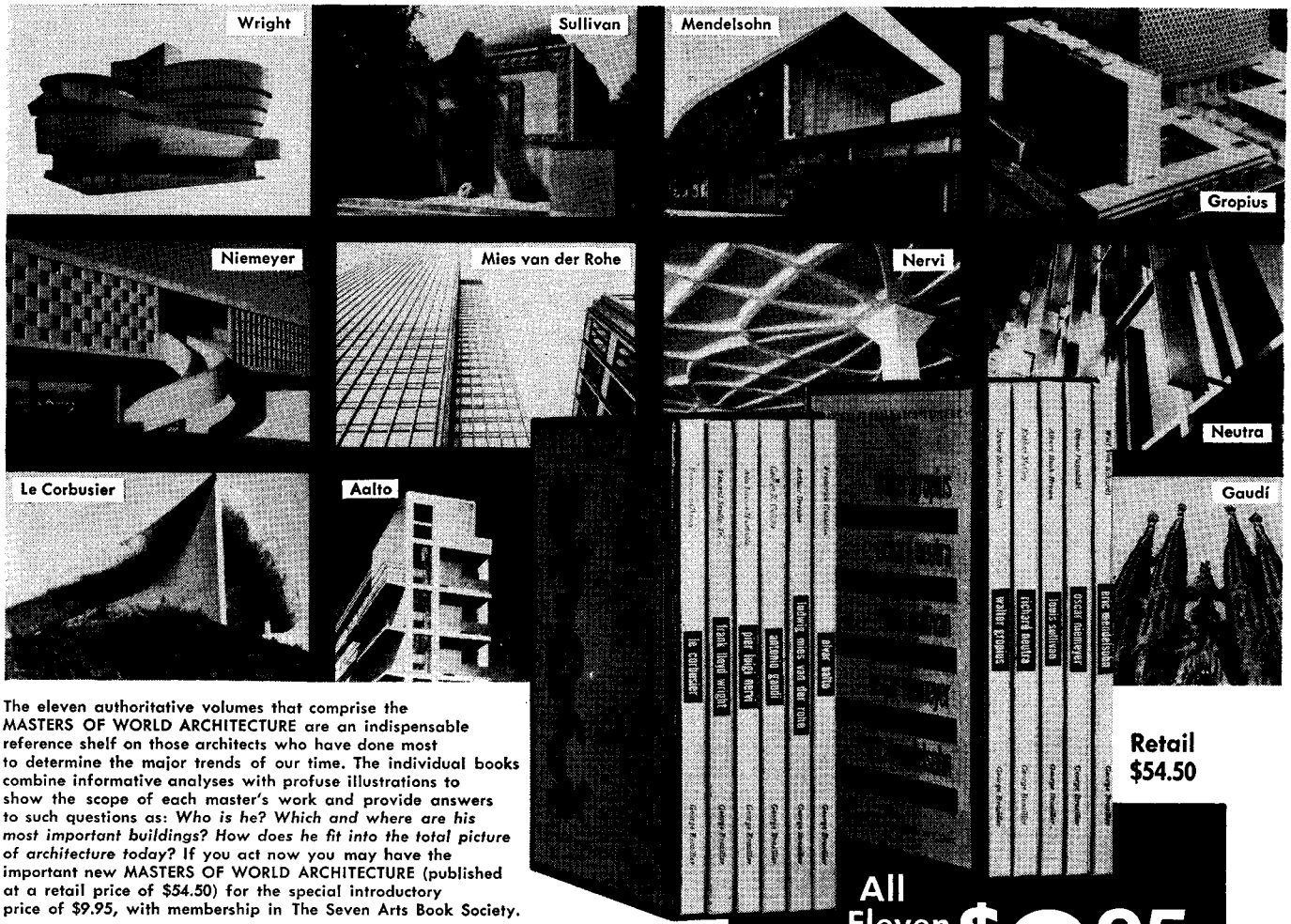

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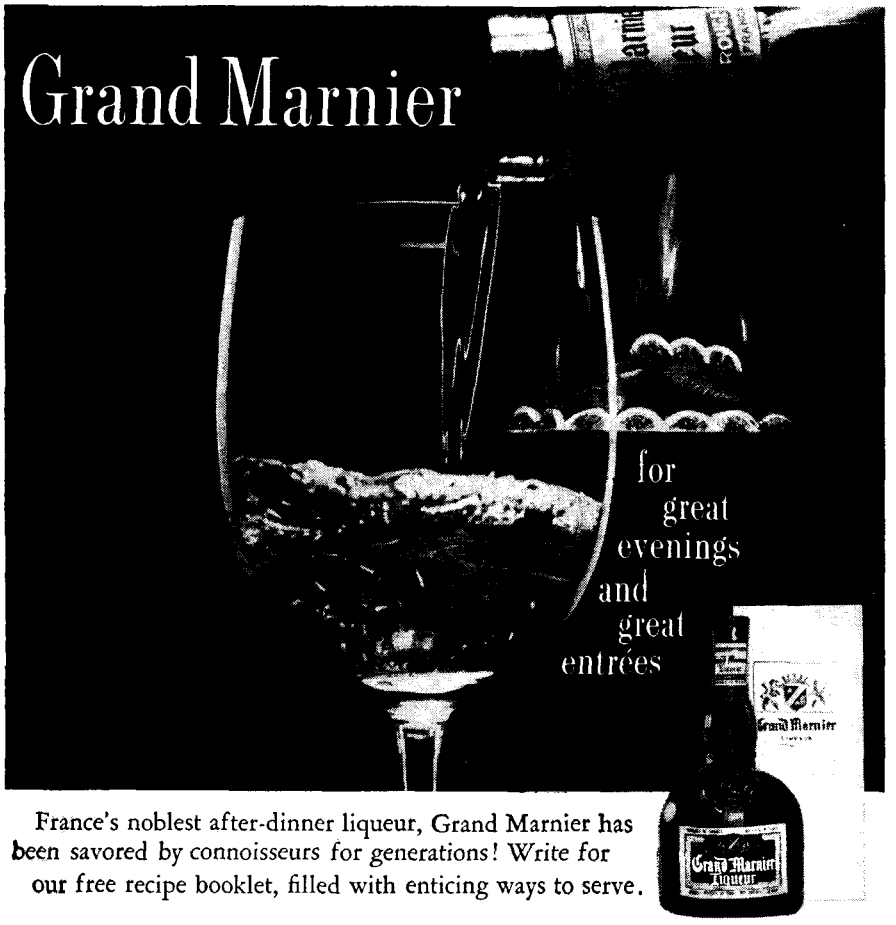

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tics and apologetics. They were far too shrewd to feed this disconcerting thirst for ideas with a Bible in plain English; the language they used was deliberately artificial even when it was new. They thus dispersed the mob by appealing to its emotions, as a mother quiets a baby by crooning to it. The Bible that they produced was so beautiful that the great majority of men, in the face of it, could not fix their minds upon the ideas in it. To this day it has enchanted the English-speaking peoples so effectively that, in the main, they remain Christians, at least sentimentally. Paine has assaulted them, Darwin and Huxley have assaulted them, and a multitude of other merchants of facts have assaulted them, but they still remember the twenty-third Psalm when the doctor begins to shake his head, they are still moved beyond compare (though not, alas, to acts!) by the Sermon on the Mount, and they still turn once a year from their sordid and degrading labors to immerse themselves unashamed in the story of the manger. It is not much, but it is something."

The Anglican bishop of the Isle of Man has advanced somewhat the same argument during the last few weeks, albeit rather more circumspectly. Conceding that the new translation may serve some useful purposes for private study, His Grace nonetheless concludes that "It is not sufficiently good language for public worship, as it lacks rhythm and a sense of awe."

THOMAS KAMERER
Irvington-on-Hudson, New York

To the Editor: It is no longer possible to discuss the King James Version without including a discussion of the ways the Revised Standard Version updates it. The breadth and depth of the Revised Standard Version's influence can be seen in the fact that the National Council of Churches in the United States has a standing committee of scholars that make continuing changes in this translation to keep it up to date. It is recognized by scholars almost everywhere as the version for modern critical study. In spite of these facts, Mr. Steiner ignored them while discussing a new version that purports to do the same things the Revised Standard Version does.

REV. DANIEL J. HARPER
Caruthers Methodist Church
Caruthers, California

Mr. Steiner replies:
The New English Bible was written and published in England, where the RSV has had little impact. It is intended for use by English Protestants and therefore demands comparison with the King James, which it may ultimately replace as the "authorized" version.

Whereas the Revised Standard Version, as its name indicates, is a revision of the King James, the New English Bible is an entirely new version and hence I compared it with the KJ rather than with a revision of the KJ.

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The New New Look

It is a long time since the President's annual Defense Message has been much more than a shopping list of military hardware. It was back in 1954, to be exact, that President Eisenhower offered his New Look, which was gaudily summarized by Presidential Assistant C. D. Jackson as providing "a bigger bang for a buck." Making a carbon copy of our foreign policy from this military strategy, Secretary of State Dulles proclaimed the doctrine of massive retaliation as the means by which we would keep the peace or, failing that, wage nothing but total war.

At first reading, the message Mr. Kennedy sent to Congress on March 28 goes only part way toward changing this military posture. It is certainly not the radical document some may have expected from his past pronouncements, especially his call last July for an immediate boost in the military budget up to $3 billion, in large measure to increase our capacity to fight limited wars. For the coming fiscal year, the proposed increase will not be quite $2 billion in obligational authority and less than $1 billion in actual expenditures. The largest chunk goes for the Polaris, which is hardly an instrument of limited warfare.

Mr. Kennedy's supporters claim that while the new budget is only a beginning, it represents a determined shift in priorities which dollar amounts alone do not clearly reveal. There will be 129 "new, longer-ranged, modern airlift aircraft," compared with the fifty previously ordered. There will be an extra $230 million to modernize our conventional forces. In addition, $122 million will go for research and development in limited warfare and $39 million for expanding "guerilla warfare" capabilities.

President Kennedy and Secretary of Defense McNamara have also made some tough decisions about what *not* to buy. In cutting back the B-70 and practically eliminating the nuclear plane, they risk incurring grave political displeasure in Congress. The risk is even greater in closing down "as excess to our needs" seventy-three domestic and foreign military installations, although fortunately they fail to find any excess in Georgia, home state of both the Senate and House Armed Services Committee chairmen.

Mr. Kennedy's Defense Message informs Congress in clear language that only by such adding and trimming can the United States develop a defense posture based on its foreign policy rather than vice versa. It also contains some language written in a dialectic that seems to be tailored for Soviet understanding: "... in the public position of both sides in recent years, the determination to be strong has been coupled with announced willingness to negotiate. For our part, we know there can be dialectical truth in such a position, and we shall do all we can to prove it in action."

The First Shall Be First

It may be a sign of growing confidence in conservative ranks that their spokesmen, who have never been as clear about what they *would* do as what they *wouldn't* do, are beginning to think in terms of alternatives. We have in mind, in particular, Mr. William F. Buckley, editor of the *National Review*, who has recently given the public a prospectus for a government preferable to the one we now have. "I would rather be governed," says Mr. Buckley in a recent interview published in *Esquire*, "by the first 2,000 people in the telephone directory than by the Harvard University faculty."

Fair enough. It remains only to see who Mr. Buckley has in mind. Assuming that he is using the Manhattan book, and disallowing such commercial enterprises as "AAAAAA

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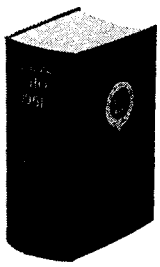

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Hypnosis Cntr of Times Sq," "A-Lan undrwr" and the like, Mr. Buckley's alternative government properly begins with someone called "Aach, Albert." We don't know Aach, Albert, but many names among the first two thousand indicate that Mr. Buckley has proposed a much more lively administration than we, and perhaps he, would have suspected. Aaron The Accordionist, Joey Adams, the comedian, and Francis W.H. Adams, a member of the Board of Advisors of the New York Committee for Democratic Voters (commonly known as the Lehman-Roosevelt group) would all have places in Washington. So would some 250 people named Abrams, including the civil-rights enthusiast, Charles Abrams, former chairman of the State Commission Against Discrimination. How all those Abramses will ever get on with "Abdel-Hamid, Shaffie" and "Abdel-Ghaffar, Aboubakr," who turn out to be first and second secretaries of the United Arab Republic delegation to the U.N., we do not know. It is even more difficult to imagine how Mr. Buckley will explain the fact that he apparently plans to find a post in Washington for "Abt, John J.," well-known veteran of the Hiss hearings who, if he is called to government, will have to give up a thriving law practice which includes, at the moment, representing the American Communist Party in its ten-year battle to invalidate McCarran's Internal Security Act of 1950. "How About Abt?" indeed, could yet become the punchiest and most alliterative slogan in American politics since "Who promoted Peress?"

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Woman now free to
Have empty womb;
Child now happy
From tube to tomb.

—SEC

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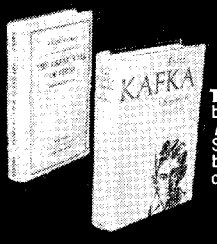

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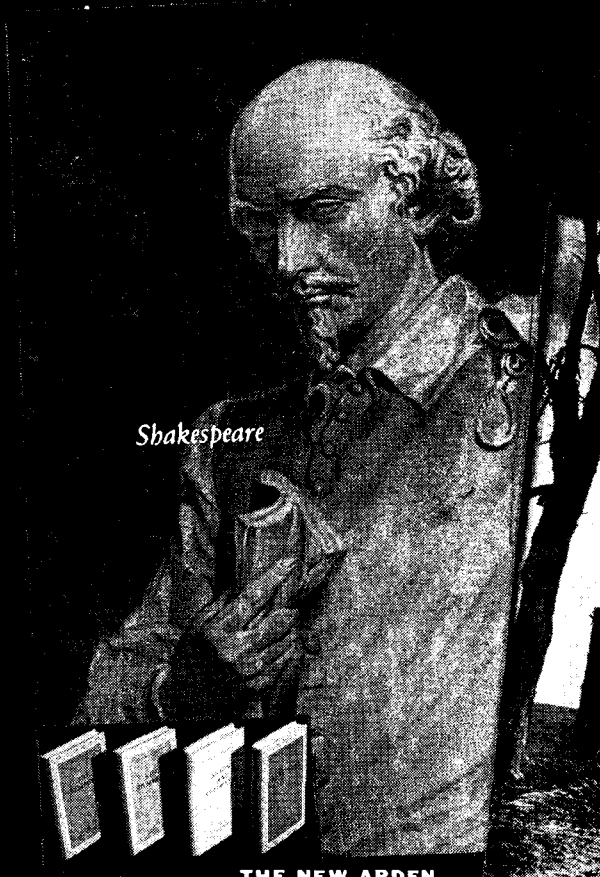

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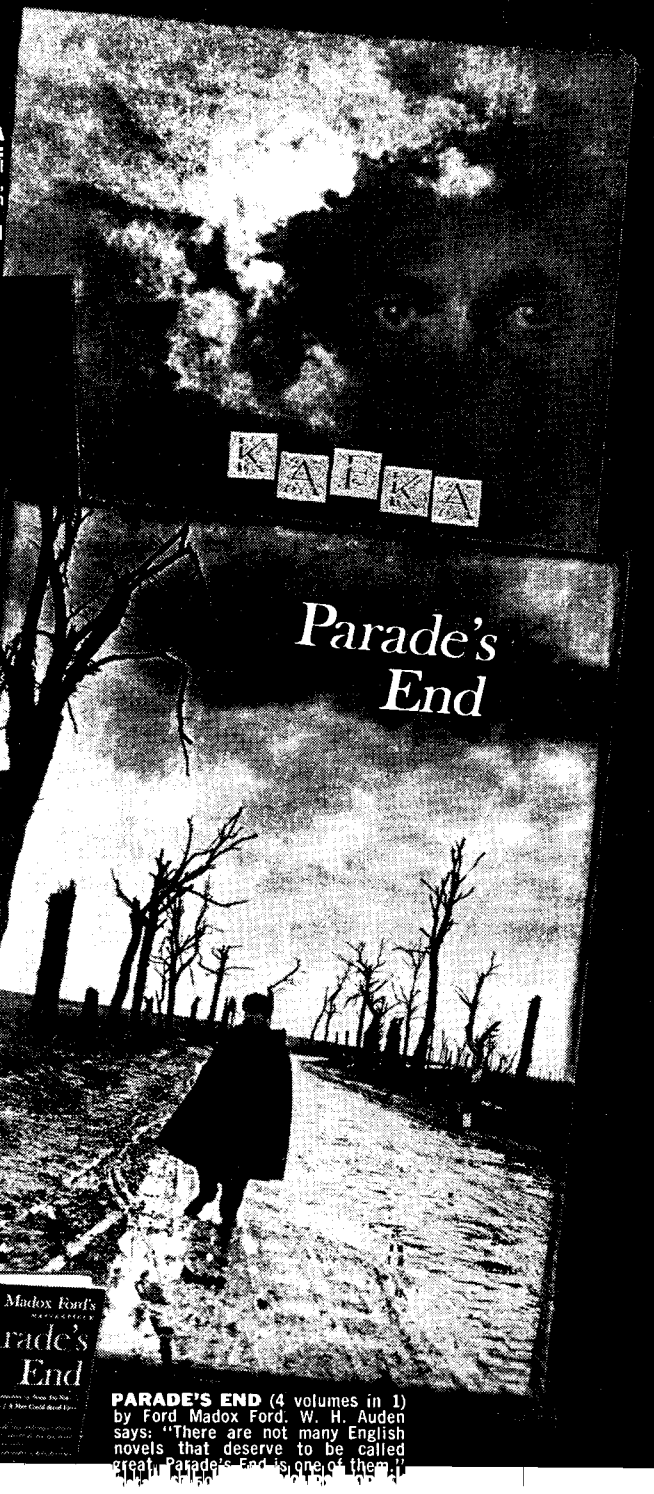

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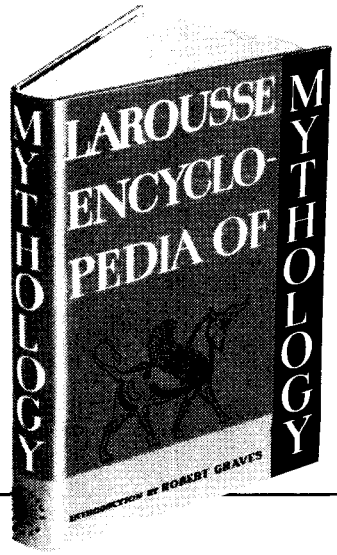

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The One and Only Alliance

THERE IS a quality that cannot be called anything but funny in this long-drawn-out Laotian drama. All parties concerned with that wretched little kingdom are in unanimous agreement: Laos must be neutral. Our government, gently prodded by the British, has declared itself ready to accept all the basic terms the Russians have suggested, and it is willing to face the ultimate test if they decline to accept, or for too long delay the acceptance of what they themselves originally demanded.

This neutrality, if we are still so pedantic as to attribute some standard meaning to the words we use, is a so-to-speak neutrality, and the word should be chastely bracketed within "quote, unquote." But so should quite a few other terms ever repeated in the constantly shrinking basic language of international affairs: "nation," "sovereignty," "self-determination," and so forth. Yet the effort must be made to wring the neck of all these misnomers and force them to confess what they attempt to hide. The neutrality all seek for the Laotians, for example, is nothing but a variety of attempts to relieve those unhappy people from some of the more painful obligations of nationhood. The neutrality our government wants for them is a sort of provincial limbo. The Russians are not so delicate; their aim is ultimately to relieve the Laotians of any vestige of independence, however municipal or tribal.

It must be admitted that the obligations of nationhood are being imposed on far too many assorted aggregates of human beings and in the most unpropitious lands. The imposition comes sometimes from the outside, as when old, accidental frontiers of a colonial domain are overnight transformed into sacred boundaries, within which a new nation is to be born forthwith. Sometimes an ambitious native son on the make or a group of such men, having acquired a western education and thus become alienated from their ancestral land, yearn to return to the West as counselors of the world, thanks to a mandate from seldom-consulted constituencies.

SELF-DETERMINATION, like nationhood, is another principle thought suitable for wholesale application. In fact, it is relied upon as a cure-all in any land where nationhood has not yet been established and where bloody convulsions have already occurred. The high priests of self-determination seldom bother to speculate whether the determining process is likely to establish a fairly homogeneous self. Here the Communist leaders, the most vociferous advocates of self-determination, have an unsurpassable advantage: they are not disturbed by the views of the peoples they rule, whose capacity to determine anything has long since been destroyed. Sometimes western spokesmen do not hesitate to join the Communist libertarian rampages, as one of them did when he recited the Declaration of Independence before a council where peoples were represented whose right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness has been brutally alienated.

IT IS at the U.N. Assembly that the irresistible trend of universal compulsory nationhood or self-determination forthwith, wherever there is not yet a national state, reaches its final culmination. Yet it must be added that just because these overblown principles show themselves to the utmost limit of absurdity in the world organization, it is precisely in that organization that the process toward sanity can and must start.

It is a very queer thing, this U.N.: a picture, and sometime a merciless caricature, of what the existing, historical, and ideological forces have made of our world. We cannot destroy the mirror just because we do not like the image it reflects. Neither can we of the West prevent the United Nations from becoming truly universal, with member nations sitting there whose basic principles we abhor, plus an ever-increasing number of nations whose existence can only be of a probationary character, and some others that belong to the would-be or phony category. At the U.N. there is still at least one nation that practices that most abominable and unchristian of all racial policies, apartheid, while quite a number of others keep the near totality of their people in political apartheid with no share whatsoever in the decisions and processes of government.

IRRESPECTIVE of their number in the Assembly, the shape of things to come in the U.N. and in the world is being decided by the western countries which through centuries of uninterrupted struggle, at an extraordinary cost in blood and human goodness, have given themselves the discipline of nationhood. The universalization and the parody of that process are now going on in every corner of the earth, just when the western nations have outgrown nationalism and colonialism and imperialism. Within the West there are one or two nations that have not quite caught on. But they must, for it depends on the unity of the Western Alliance, centered on us, whether this world—in places funny, in places crazy—is ever to make sense.

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NATO After Spaak: A Loss and a Warning

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

EARLY in February, after four dedicated years as secretary-general of NATO, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium announced his resignation. Ever since, both the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the broad alliance it was created to fulfill have unmistakably been suffering from what *Le Monde* has termed a "larval crisis." At the new NATO headquarters at the Porte Dauphine, the crisis has not yet become violent, but—as indicated by the long deadlock in the North Atlantic Council over the choice of Mr. Spaak's successor—neither has it been resolved. The blight that has begun to attack NATO ultimately threatens, at the very least, to wither the Kennedy administration's ambitious projects for closer co-operation among the members of the Atlantic Community. It endangers the administration's plans to associate our allies with an enlarged program of economic aid to undeveloped countries.

Ironically, though the alliance started turning sickly as far back as the days of John Foster Dulles—indeed, it has never completely recovered from him—the coming of the new administration in Washington, which was looked forward to with high hopes by Spaak and other NATO enthusiasts on this side of the ocean, appears to have hastened its decline. The underlying trouble, at least in the eyes of many Europeans, is the accentuation since January 20 of the conflict in American foreign policy between our objectives in Europe and those we pursue in the undeveloped countries of Asia and Africa. Some Europeans view this conflict, which is also evident at times in the policy of the Scandinavian powers, as a virtual betrayal of the western cause; others see it as the inevitable reflection of divergent European and American interests in former colonial areas. All agree that in one way or another it is central to NATO's difficulties.

"THINGS will not change," *Le Monde* observed in its editorial on Spaak's resignation, "until the root of the contradiction in the alliance, namely the colonial question, is somehow eliminated. It is because of Angola, Algeria, and the Congo that the signatories of the North Atlantic Alliance do not present a solid front in the United Nations, and that they exchange bitter criticisms when they meet together at the Porte Dauphine . . . such a situation cannot last for long without encouraging the Soviet camp."

A number of secondary or localized issues cluster around the main one. They include the growing European demand, recently voiced in Strasbourg by French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, that Europe share on more nearly equal terms in the development of basic Atlantic policy; the difficulty of fitting together the two separate economic groupings in Europe, the Six and the Outer Seven; the specific grievances of our West German allies, who feel, as one diplomat here put it, that they are being asked "to contribute more money for less security"; the even deeper dismay of the French at the prospect of a U.S.-Soviet agreement to ban nuclear testing, which implies, as the French publicist Raymond Aron recently noted, a paradoxical "accord between enemies against allies" aimed at preventing both France and China from becoming full-fledged nuclear powers.

Every one of these problems or divergencies is complicated and envenomed by the fundamental cleavage in NATO between the United States—together with Canada and Norway—and the greater part of Europe over the western attitude toward questions like the Congo, particularly as they are revealed within the United Nations framework. The extreme and sometimes not wholly rational feeling that they arouse in European breasts is illustrated by Dr. Spaak's farewell address to the Foreign Press Association here on leaving his post at NATO: "The path which the United Nations is taking disturbs me. The organization is in danger; if it continues on the same course it will come to constitute a danger. The General Assembly has become the temple of hypocrisy—think of some of those who have set themselves up as judges to condemn that political crime, the assassination of Patrice Lumumba."

As retiring secretary-general of NATO, Spaak felt he could not directly criticize the United States, but his attack on the United Nations was implicitly no less an attack on what a majority of Europeans consider our delegation of responsibility to the U.N. in the Congo dispute. Moreover, when Spaak described his

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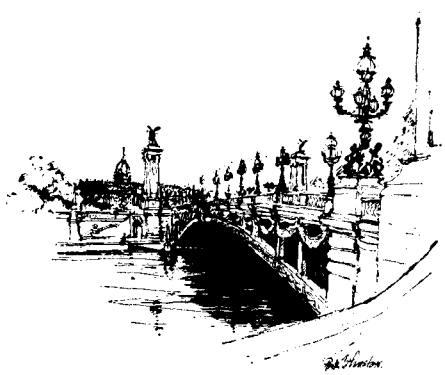
own attitude toward the U.N. as that of a deceived lover, many of his listeners felt that he had other disillusionments in mind too, including disillusionment with his dream of NATO as an organization within which passionate "Europeans" like himself could co-operate on a footing of equality in the interest of the common Atlantic Community and civilization. Spaak had solid professional and patriotic reasons for wanting to go back into Belgian politics, but NATO figures who have been in close contact with him doubt that he would have given up his job there if his initial contacts with the Kennedy administration had not given him the feeling that it was more concerned with Africa and the U.N. than with its European allies and NATO. Certainly he would not have resigned if he had felt that there was a serious chance that the administration would support his own far-reaching —though perhaps not always realistic—proposals for reinvigorating the western alliance. This element of disillusionment behind Spaak's resignation caused another leading advocate of European unity who is also a strong champion of Atlantic cooperation, former French High Commissioner to Germany André François-Poncet, to write that the departure of the secretary-general was both "a loss and a warning" to NATO. Informed NATO circles say that President Kennedy made a last-minute effort to persuade Mr. Spaak to withdraw his resignation, but that the effort failed because it came too late, and because the President, inadequately briefed on the bitterness of Spaak's feelings, did not make it with the urgency of a personal appeal.

A Family Feeling

Disillusionment with the new trend of American foreign policy is beginning to produce unhealthy reactions in Europe, ranging from withdrawal into a pronounced, almost isolationist "Little Europeanism" to straight neutralism. It is not confined to unrepentant, or supposedly unrepentant, colonialists like the Belgians and the Portuguese. It is pronounced in France, which has applied a bold and generous policy of "decolonization" in Africa; in Holland, which clings with traditional stubbornness to a possibly quixotic but unquestionably enlightened program of controlled decolonization in New Guinea; and among important groups in Britain, West Germany, and Italy.

"On top of all our other complexes we are now developing a complex of anti-colonialism," said Senator Lucifero of Italy during a recent debate in the assembly of the Council of Europe at Strasbourg. "I am the first to deplore the death of Lumumba," he continued, putting into words the unspoken feelings of a good many delegates, "but I deplore even more the deaths of the Belgian engineers, those of their wives and children, and those of the Italian aviators carrying medical supplies to the Congo who were assassinated by Lumumba's friends."

Behind even the most sober and restrained European criticisms of our U.N. policy there is an irrational and emotional element stemming ultimately from the strong European



sense of family which many Americans, when they are aware of it at all, look upon as a quaint and slightly anti-social anachronism. A liberal Belgian like Spaak—or for that matter a French or Italian liberal—can simultaneously condemn Belgian colonialism in the most uncomprising terms and be outraged if the representative of one of Belgium's allies joins in a public vote of censure on it at the United Nations. In European eyes an alliance like NATO is a kind of large family, while the U.N. is a capricious tribunal. One may admit its right to put an errant member of one's family on trial, but one does not stand up in court and testify against the culprit, much less sit on the jury and vote for his conviction. Our European allies have never completely forgiven us for doing exactly that at the time of the Suez crisis, and now they see the Kennedy administration acting in accordance with the same alien ethic in the case of Portugal, another NATO ally. There are few apologists for Portuguese colonialism in Europe, but the U.S. vote against Portugal in the Security Council nonetheless shocked a good many Europeans.

The shock was aggravated by the public statement of Francis W. Carpenter, the delegation's spokesman, that "the policy implications behind the vote, which were reflected in Governor Stevenson's speech before the Security Council, had been carefully considered," and that despite our "deep and continuing common interest" with our allies there might continue to be "differences of approach" on African questions.

"Members of the same club sometimes have to oppose each other in public," one European diplomat remarked, "but when that is the case, they first get together in private and talk things over frankly and courteously—at least they do when it's a club of gentlemen. I am afraid things don't always happen that way in NATO."

The vote on the Angola resolution was hailed by the Afro-Asian bloc as evidence—to cite the semi-official Tunsian weekly *Afrique Action*, which has a growing readership in Paris—"that the desolidarization of the United States with respect to its colonialist allies is developing . . . along the right path." Naturally enough, Adlai Stevenson, once Europe's favorite American, is now the chief target of hostile European reactions to our Afro-Asian policy, though Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams's "Africa for the Africans" statement was also duly noted here.

"For eight years I believed that Stevenson was the only American who could save NATO," a French friend remarked to me, "but I think it is a great mistake for him to go out of his way to disown allies like Belgium and Portugal. That sort of thing hardly creates an atmosphere favorable to closer co-operation in NATO. You can't help slap Belgium in the face on Forty-second Street and expect Belgian co-operation at the Porte Dauphine."

"If Stevenson is allowed or author-

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ized by the President to continue on his present tack, he will damage NATO beyond repair," another western diplomat said. "He seems to be hypnotized by slogans and glittering generalizations like 'Afro-Asian world,' 'keep the cold war out of Africa,' 'self-determination in the bush,' and so on. He does not see that what some African demagogues call anti-colonialism is simply camouflage for an aggressive imperialism, which may be African, all right, but is aimed at enslaving other Africans. He makes no distinction between sane, responsible African leadership and promoters of revolution like Touré and Nkrumah. Men of that type are beyond salvation and cannot be appeased. Trying to appease them simply builds them up at the expense of the good leaders."

The violence with which even Europeans who were not directly involved reacted to the Angola vote was illustrated by a recent editorial in *Figaro* by Raymond Aron, who is not only one of the most temperate and usually pro-American French commentators but is also a leading French anti-colonialist. "Why shouldn't Europeans adopt the same doctrine with regard to American policy in other parts of the world?" he wrote, referring to the current American view that in undeveloped countries the United States should follow a policy independent of its allies. "This doctrine is all the more dangerous," the editorial continued, "because decolonization in Africa is virtually finished and in the next few years it is America rather than Great Britain or France which is most likely to be accused of imperialism. The United States cannot afford such independence either economically or politically."

Sober NATO sources here believe there is a real danger of European retaliation against our African policy. "If the United States joins with Russia in the General Assembly to vote against Portugal on the Angola resolution, I really believe that we may see the Portuguese committing some act of desperation like cancelling the Azores base," one of these sources said. Any major French retaliation can probably be ruled out as long as the door has not been irrevocably closed on any hope of future American help to France in developing its nuclear capabilities—which de Gaulle is determined to develop no matter what happens. Washington should be prepared, though, for indirect but hurtful French gestures intended to remind us of the drawbacks to total independence. A mild example of this type of action was de Gaulle's recent address to a group of Latin-American ambassadors in which he stressed the need for closer ties with France, while pointedly omitting any reference to our special interests in the area.

The most serious European retaliation, however, is likely to be in the economic-aid field and will be quasi-automatic. A French expert said to me: "If you keep putting pressure on the Dutch to abdicate to the extravagant Indonesian demands on New Guinea, do you think the Dutch taxpayer is going to be in much of a mood to make a bigger sacrifice in order to help nations like Indonesia? Furthermore, suppose Algeria should be totally lost and French Africa should fall apart as a result of some of your clumsy maneuvers in Africa; how long do you think the French taxpayer will continue paying out more for economic aid and technical assistance than any other in the world?"

French officials acknowledge that since Dean Rusk, an increasingly respected figure in European eyes, became Secretary of State, consultation between the United States and our European allies has been closer and smoother at the Washington level than it has been for eight years, but they complain that on-the-spot tactical co-ordination in Manhattan between the allied and U.S. delegations to the United Nations is even more unsatisfactory than it was during the tenure of Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE FRENCH seem to be on equally solid ground when they criticize our U.N. policy for attaching too much importance to the popularity that can be won among Afro-Asian delegates in the improbable, promiscuous atmosphere of the U.N. lobbies, and too little to the basic basic political, economic, and social realities in the Afro-Asian states themselves. They also feel that we fail to realize the degree to which the anti-colonialist revolution in Africa is getting out of hand, and that we undervalue the importance of maintaining a French presence in Africa.

"We think that we have done pretty well," a French spokesman remarked to me, "in binding a certain number of African countries and leaders to the West, and we are afraid that your new administration does not fully appreciate the importance of this system and might be tempted to weaken it. When you play up to people like Sékou Touré and Kwame Nkrumah, other African demagogues are encouraged to think that blackmail is a rewarding policy."

Some objective American observers are inclined to go along with this French view.

"I used to think that it was essential for us to deal independently with the Afro-Asians and to avoid the colonialist taint as much as possible," an American specialist in African problems said to me. "But now I'm not sure that it is such an advantage in Africa. The French and British have certain assets there that we can't match, if only because of our color problem at home. Africa is one place where we would be well advised to speak softly and tread carefully. Moreover, in many of their former Asian or African colonies, the French and the British are far more popular than we are."

General de Gaulle, who attaches little importance to the United Nations in itself, objects to American U.N. policy on broader and more philosophical grounds. As C. L. Sulzberger noted in a dispatch to the New York *Times*, de Gaulle "seems convinced that United States policy is no longer 'western'; that it is, for example, as often favorable to Nkrumah or to Nasser as it is to France."

A "western" policy in the undeveloped countries, as de Gaulle sees it, is in no way incompatible with recognition that the anti-colonialist revolution throughout the world is irreversible. But de Gaulle firmly believes in maintaining a western presence, wherever possible and to the degree possible; he is no more shamefaced about trying to uphold western prestige in the eyes of the Afro-Asian peoples than he is about upholding French prestige in the councils of the West. A realist and a

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student of history, he believes that whenever a western nation is humiliated or pilloried before the Afro-Asian world, the prestige of the West as a whole is lowered. In the case of the Congo, last summer de Gaulle proposed a French-British-American approach to the problem that would have involved underwriting Congolese freedom and if necessary putting friendly but firm pressure on Belgium to respect it. At the same time, he strongly opposed the replacement of Belgian technicians and advisers by U.N. experts, not only for reasons of western prestige but also because on practical grounds he felt that the Belgians were the only ones available with the necessary local knowledge, and that their sudden elimination would produce chaos. The United Nations, de Gaulle feels, has been using the wrong men and the wrong methods in the Congo. Events would seem to indicate that de Gaulle's strictures were not without some basis; on the other hand, the extreme French pessimism over the Congo situation seems to have been unnecessarily defeatist. Perhaps the soundest moral to draw from the whole affair is that the West would be better off today if last summer we had given more weight to French views on the problem, and the French in recent months more to ours.

WHILE deep philosophical and emotional factors are involved in the interallied disagreements over divergent national objectives in Africa and Asia, there is also some element of simple misunderstanding, particularly noticeable in the Franco-American controversy about concerting policy outside the NATO area, as proposed by de Gaulle in his memorandum of October, 1958. American officials when questioned on this point charge the French with wanting to exercise a power of "veto" over American policy in Africa and elsewhere, but exactly what is meant by this loaded and indefinite term is not easy to discover. The French are almost equally vague about what they do want. It is now officially denied here that de Gaulle's NATO memorandum proposed any specific co-ordinating machinery. French officials insist that he does not care how Franco-British-U.S. policy is co-ordinated, or "concerted," so long as it is. Normal diplomatic channels, properly utilized, would be adequate, the French say. They admit that at the moment those channels are being used more intensively than ever, but they point out that consultation is not synonymous with agreement. When pressed for something more specific, French diplomats point to the informal but fairly complex interallied machinery that concerts western policy with regard to Berlin, and to its consistently satisfactory functioning. Nobody, however, sees

very clearly exactly how the same techniques of co-ordination could be applied to the relations of NATO members with the United Nations and with the Afro-Asian world. Spaak's plan of utilizing the NATO Permanent Council in Paris to this end is considered impractical by most Continental as well as Anglo-Saxon diplomats.

There Is No Panacea

Some western observers place high hopes in the newly launched Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the successor to the Office of European Economic Cooperation that administered the Marshall Plan, which they see as a potential "economic general staff" of the West. If all the organization's latent potentialities are developed to the full, these observers say, a considerable degree of political co-ordination is bound to follow the co-ordination of economic programs in the undeveloped countries, which is one of OECD's explicit functions This in turn will improve the atmosphere in NATO and facilitate solution of its problems in all fields. In the opinion of Assistant Secretary for Economic Affairs George Ball, who recently attended in London a meeting of the ten nations' Development Assistance Committee, this organization—which is scheduled to be attached to OECD—is a modest first step toward co-ordination of western economic-aid programs.

The creation of OECD is generally hailed on this side of the ocean as a constructive and important step toward western unity, but some thoughtful Europeans warn against the tendency they think they note in Washington to look on the organization as a panacea for the ills of the alliance. Apart from OECD's built-in limitations arising from its strictly economic terms of reference and its modest powers, these European circles fear that its effectiveness will be handicapped, at least initially, by certain psychological blunders in the way it has been presented to European opinion, particularly from Washington.

In the first place, the critics say, OECD has been made to look to our European partners like a device primarily intended to squeeze more money out of them for aid programs in the undeveloped countries, and offering only vague advantages in return. To make matters worse, the U.S. government in its promotion of OECD has neglected to mention that in terms of their population and national revenue, several European members of the new organization are already contributing more than we are to the undeveloped countries. France leads the world in economic aid to Africa and Asia, with a contribution of about $15 per capita as against $9 for the United States. Not far behind France come Britain, Holland, and Switzerland. Whereas France—on the basis of a possibly loaded definition of economic aid—contributes 2.6 per cent of its national income to economic aid programs and Britain 1.2 per cent, the United States contributes only 0.6 per cent.

Because of the lopsided publicity it has received so far, OECD has undeservedly acquired an American coloration that tends to make it unattractive to some Europeans. There was a strong reflection of this in the unexpected reservations concerning the organization voiced by several

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speakers at the recent session of the Council of Europe's assembly.

Above all, the excessive stress on OECD's economic-aid functions that annoys many Europeans has all but pushed out of sight what is theoretically the primary objective of the organization: "To achieve the highest sustainable economic growth and employment and a rising standard of living in member countries, while maintaining financial stability . . ." Certainly, greater emphasis on the potentialities for stimulating western growth within a market area of five hundred million people, which already accounts for two-thirds of the world's commerce and which includes some of its most dynamic economies, would help OECD play a more significant role.

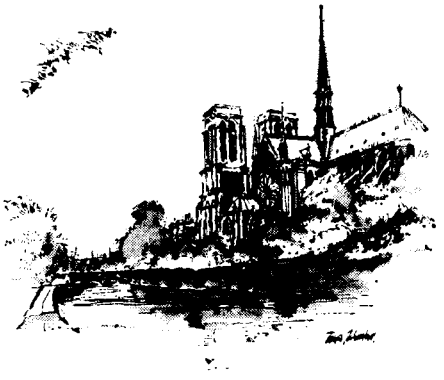
The Strauss Plan

Useful as OECD can be, however, something more is needed to get NATO out of the doldrums and so revivify Atlantic solidarity, as the Kennedy administration says it hopes to do. So far the boldest proposal from any official source on either side of the Atlantic has been that of the West German defense minister, Franz Josef Strauss, for a North Atlantic confederation—including, of course, a common market—that would link Western Europe, Britain, Canada, and the United States.

French—and for that matter German—champions of European unity are somewhat suspicious of the Strauss proposal, which they fear might more easily be exploited to block new steps toward the integration of Western Europe than to promote effectively that of the broader Atlantic Community. Not all these Europeans, however, reject the Strauss concept out of hand. There is no basic incompatibility, they point out, between European integration and an Atlantic confederation. But, as Jean Monnet insists, the dynamism of the unity movement must come from the existing Western European supranational nucleus—such as the Coal and Steel Community—which must be preserved in any confederal approach, whether in the Atlantic framework or in the more modest European one of de Gaulle's latest proposals.

"There is no reason why organizing the Atlantic Community should interfere with European integration," Maurice Faure, former French minister for European institutions, told me in a recent interview. "Similarly, European unification is no obstacle to Atlantic co-operation. In my view, the answer to European and to NATO problems is the same: at both levels we must outgrow the old-fashioned concept of a mere alliance between sovereign states, and work out new patterns of organic unity. European unification and Atlantic co-operation should progress simultaneously; it is a bad thing to let too wide a gap develop in their respective rates of progress, though I see the European movement always keeping a little ahead of the Atlantic one, acting as pacemaker and trail blazer. If the movement toward European unity loses momentum, the broader Atlantic Community will begin to disintegrate; if it picks up speed, Atlantic co-operation will be accelerated too. Unfortunately, the European movement is bogging down, and the Atlantic Alliance is threatening to fall apart."

In Faure's opinion, the political and the organizational approaches must be combined. He has little confidence either in functional bodies like OECD or in sporadic meetings of political chiefs. To get the western world moving again on the road to



unity, Faure proposes a western summit conference, not merely of the Big Three but of all the major European or Atlantic powers, that would last long enough to hammer out a concerted long-term policy among the western nations, with particular stress on the thorny problem of western relations with the Afro-Asian countries.

Asked specifically if he favored the Strauss proposal for an Atlantic confederation, Faure replied:

"Certainly, providing we likewise move ahead with European integration. The ultimate goal should be a European federation within an Atlantic confederation."

WHAT EUROPEANS like Faure value in the Strauss approach as against more limited schemes for bolstering NATO or for reinforcing western economic co-operation is that it has the scope needed to capture the imagination of the people. This, the experience of the European movement has demonstrated, is an indispensable factor. Mass support and participation is essential. Intergovernmental action alone does not suffice.

"Bold and imaginative thinking like that which launched the Marshall Plan and the Schuman Plan is needed again," Faure declared. "We must have some new ideas. With all the brain power in your present administration, America should certainly be able to produce them, but I have not seen any yet. If you wait too long, it will be too late."

Of course, the experience of the European unifiers also shows that even such a modest objective as a confederation of sovereign states, along the lines envisaged by General de Gaulle, is still a distant vision. In Europe the first concrete step toward confederation, or any institutionalization of political co-operation, has yet to be taken. If NATO has to wait for Herr Strauss's Atlantic confederation to solve its problems, it is liable to wait a long time. Along with less ambitious intermediate measures of increased co-operation in the economic and defense fields, however, hoisting the banner of Atlantic confederation might stimulate western morale.

The real precondition to the realization of any projects for closer western co-operation, the most modest as well as the most audacious, is a militant awareness in all western countries of the West's basic mission, as President Kennedy himself defined it in his special message to NATO: "To preserve and extend the values of a civilization which has lighted man's way for more than 2,500 years."

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Portugal's Ancient Empire

CLAIRE STERLING

LISBON

"IT'S TRUE, dear Salazar," wrote Captain Henrique Galvão shortly after relinquishing his twelve-day command of the kidnapped *Santa Maria*, "I have escaped your claws, your tireless Gestapo, your special tribunals, your enriched and decorated hierarchs, your mercenaries, your army of occupation, your prisons and concentration camps, your lying judges, your courts of vampires and cretins, your slave drivers, your medieval rule. . . . Now the hour of your end is near. . . . This letter is a portent and a warning. It will circulate in Portugal, in our African territories, among Portuguese immigrants in Brazil, everywhere. The time has come for everyone to know just who and what you are. How will you react? I don't care in the least. So long, dear Salazar!"

With this final rhetorical flourish, Captain Galvão swept off the international stage. Like everything else about his performance, his exit lines read more like those of an actor, which he is, than of a responsible politician, which many Portuguese think he isn't. But responsible or not, he appears to have won himself at least a footnote in history as the man who announced Portugal's abrupt passage into the second half of the twentieth century.

IN ITS THIRTY-THREE YEARS under Dr. Antonio Salazar's rule, Portugal has been singularly free of the convulsions afflicting the rest of the world. Nothing that has happened in all this time—the civil war in neighboring Spain, the Second World War, the collapse of Hitler and Mussolini, the growth of Soviet imperialism, the decolonization of Asia and Africa—has seemed to have the slightest effect either on the country or on the imperturbable economics professor who runs it. Though Salazar's régime is a more or less standard totalitarian model, he himself has been unusually free of the totalitarian ruler's classic stigmata.

Unlike Franco, Salazar didn't fight a civil war to get power, and once he had gotten it, he didn't even seem to enjoy it. He dislikes uniforms (which he never wears), parades, public appearances, popular demonstrations of affection, speeches, reporters, women, hagiolatry (his portraits are rarely seen even in government buildings), and any post-Victorian economic theory. His foreign relations have been dignified and correct, his financial policies safe and sound, his repressive measures no laxer than Franco's but considerably less obtrusive.

Salazar's overriding passion, apparently, has been to achieve order in Portugal—unfortunately at the

price of achieving very little else. Though his subjects have plenty to complain about, not the least of their complaints has been their monumental boredom. Boredom, as any foreign diplomat will tell you, is a welcome change from the usual occupational hazards of diplomacy in an authoritarian country; and when Captain Galvão finally turned up to relieve it, many diplomats in Lisbon felt, as the New York *Herald Tribune* reported, that this trouble couldn't have happened to a nicer dictator.

At first the *Santa Maria* affair didn't seem to be more than momentarily troublesome. There was no financial loss involved—the liner was returned intact, if rather dirty—and not much noticeable political loss, either. Captain Galvão never reached the coast of Angola to spark a revolt, as had been widely expected. In fact, he didn't even spark much of a revolt aboard the ship itself: of the *Santa Maria's* 360-man crew, only six came over to his side, and the six didn't include even one of the fourteen Negro crew members from Angola.

Nevertheless, Galvão wasn't simply running a one-man or one-act show. He has the backing not only of the exiled General Humberto Delgado, who polled about a quarter of the popular vote in Salazar's last rigged election, but also of a lively anarchist group called DRIL, formed in Caracas two years ago to organize the overthrow of both Salazar and Franco. He has a safe base of operations in Brazil, whose new president, Janio Quadros, would like to rid Portugal of both its dictator and its colonies. Galvão can also count on the hearty co-operation of the Afro-Asian bloc now making Salazar's life so miserable in the United Nations; he is clearly in liaison with those organizing the riots in Angola, the first of which erupted simultaneously with his seizure of the *Santa Maria*.

The Joyless Opposition

Had Galvão and his colleagues been aiming their sights solely at the Portuguese mainland, it is doubtful whether Salazar would have had much to worry about. The democratic opposition here, while noble in principle and earnestly hard-working, is about what you'd expect of an opposition that has been making the same joyless rounds for thirty-three years. Naturally, opposition leaders have perked up a lot since the *Santa Maria* episode, all the more so because of the marked uneasiness it has caused in government circles. The first thing they did on learning of Galvão's stunt was to send yet another petition—they'd lost count of how many had preceded it—requesting an audience with Salazar's shop-window president.

To their surprise, the audience was granted; and to their total astonishment, the controlled press was permitted to publish their report of what they had told the president, namely that Salazar had to go. If this suggested a certain loss of self-possession on the government's part, however, the credit cannot rightly be given to the domestic opposition. What really dismays Salazar—and

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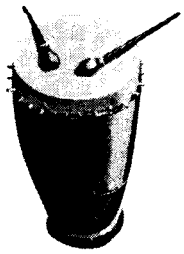
many of his opponents here too, one might add—is the mounting evidence of disarray in Angola.

PORTUGAL is proud of having been the first country to penetrate Africa and open it to European trade and influence. Its colonies there go back to the days of Henry the Navigator, the five hundredth anniversary of whose death was just observed here, and whose expeditions in search of Prester John's Christian kingdom explored not only the African coast but a good part of the globe as well. While Portugal's empire may be the oldest on the African continent, it is also the last one left; except for an enclave here and there, the Portuguese territories of Angola, Mozambique, Guinea, and the Cape Verde Islands make up the sole colonial formation in Africa that has been neither promised independence nor prepared for it.

The Portuguese have made no such promise because they don't think they have to and because they can't afford to. Even if their minds were to change on the first point, the second would still hold good. Unlike Belgium, whose income from the Congo was substantial but not indispensable, Portugal's dependence on its overseas empire is almost literally a matter of life or death. With that empire, Portugal is a nation of twenty million people, with a territory of nearly a million square miles, a balanced budget, and a highly protected market for a quarter of its exports, many of which would otherwise be unsalable. Without the empire, Portugal would be a country of just over nine million people, with a territory of thirty-five thousand square miles, a considerable annual trade deficit, and a chronic depression that would inevitably lower what is already the lowest living standard in Western Europe.

The loss might perhaps not be so damaging if Portugal's own rate of economic growth were more in line with the rest of Europe's. Under Salazar's stern hand, however, that rate has been held to an austere three or four per cent a year. Other countries with well-developed industries and superior living standards might get along with a growth rate like that for a while. But it could hardly be called adequate for a nation whose per capita income is $245 a year—still less so if the empire serving as the nation's main financial prop should be lost.

The Portuguese government has always maintained, and still does, that no one and nothing could liquidate this empire. If only it could manage to keep these territories perfectly insulated, this might, even in present-day Africa, hold true. Over the centuries, the Portuguese have developed an intuitive sense in their relations with the African natives; and because many of their settlers



are nearly as poor as the natives themselves—Salazar hasn't had the capital to develop these territories and wouldn't let anyone else invest there until recently—class friction is far less intense there than elsewhere. So is race friction. A Negro in Angola or Mozambique can ride in a white man's bus or marry a white settler's daughter without hindrance, provided he is sufficiently civilized—the word is official—to own a pair of shoes. Fraternization and intermarriage are taken entirely for granted: "God made whites and blacks," the Portuguese say, "but it's we Portuguese who made mulattoes."

White Revolutionaries

Nevertheless, the officially civilized Negroes in Angola—those who can read and write as well as wear shoes—amount to less than one per cent of the black population, and are largely concentrated in big cities like Luanda. The rest of the colony's four million Negroes aren't much better off than their Congolese neighbors, whose southern Bakongo tribe spills right over into northern Angola. Though their association with the Portuguese may have become a habit after four hundred years, it isn't the kind of blood tie that would withstand every assault of history. The proof of this is the brutal rioting that recently broke out precisely in northern Angola, where natives armed with razor-edged machetes are now murdering white men, women, and children with a ferocity beyond anything yet reported from the Congo.

Dr. Salazar's spokesmen say that this is solely the work of foreign agents, and they may not be far wrong. Certainly, Radio Conakry in Communist-ruled Guinea has been blaring at the Angolan natives for quite a while now. Soviet operators have taken an increasing interest in the colony, and it would be no trick at all for either kind of agent to penetrate the territory from the former French Guinea, or the Congo, or several points further north. The fact is, however, that the Portuguese themselves have also been manufacturing native nationalists for quite a while, by shipping contract labor to South Africa and the Rhodesias, where these laborers have completed their revolutionary education.

What's more, Portugal's policies appear to have created a novel kind of *white* revolutionary. The Portuguese colonial in Angola has a string of grievances against the mainland, which obliges him to sell his goods there at well under world prices, pay stiff customs duties for whatever he buys, keep most of his profits frozen in the colony, and even deal in a separate currency. A fair number of these settlers, therefore, are reliably reported to be throwing in their lot with the natives against their own homeland—on the theory, presumably, that they stand to profit more from a weak independent Angola than a strong one run by Lisbon. If Captain Galvão isn't in direct touch with the natives now bursting into riot, he is surely in touch with those white colonists who in Luanda last February fought in blackface at the natives' side.

Even now, with frightening news filtering daily through the censorship, government officials here stoutly maintain that nothing is really wrong in Angola—or at least, nothing that Salazar can't handle. Yet the feverish preparations in Lisbon today seem close to panic. Portugal has only ten thousand troops in the colony to patrol a largely primeval tropical territory of 480,000 square miles—and half these troops are na-

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tives. Since February, it has rushed several thousand paratroopers down as reinforcements and begun to build emergency airstrips; and more recently, it has started to ship down as many new white settlers as can be rounded up—not all of them well chosen, but all well armed. Instructions about the location of arms depots are handed to these settlers on arrival.

BY ALL INDICATIONS, Portugal is facing a grim situation in Angola; and even the most sympathetic diplomats here wonder whether a nation with practically no money and a standing army of sixty thousand (armed largely with pre-Second World War weapons) can face it successfully alone. The question is, who would be willing to face it with Portugal?

As a Western European nation and member of NATO, Portugal naturally feels that it has a legitimate claim to the support of its allies. Indeed, it maintains that by sitting on the lid in Africa now, it alone is defending their cause. Should Portugal get off the lid, its leaders say, the West would be lucky to get away with nothing worse than another Congo. What would be more likely, however, would be something the Russians have thought about for a long time: the transformation of Angola's Brazilian-type mixed society into the Soviet version of an ideal African pilot state under biracial rule.

Since Angola is even less prepared for self-government than the Congo was (if that is possible), the warning is certainly valid. But with every other colonial power having already surrendered in Africa, Portugal's plea comes late in the day. It is further weakened by the fact that this last remaining colonial power is a dictatorship, and it is weakened still more by the fact that the dictator concerned has been deaf to all friendly counsel offered him on the subject for many years.

Salazar has always taken the position that what Portugal does in Africa is it own business, and furthermore, since the Portuguese were in Africa before America was even discovered, that the Americans are scarcely equipped to advise them on this business. If anything, he has seemed to feel that the advice ought to flow the other way: our embassy in Lisbon has often been offered paternal guidance by Salazar, who once remarked that "The United States is an example of a country which proceeded from barbarism directly into decadence."

Accordingly, the advice that the State Department has been giving Portugal since the end of the Second World War—to modernize the administration of its African colonies, develop their industries and transportation, and educate the native populations, all with financial help from the United States—has been flatly ignored. There is no indication that it would be accepted even now, when the application of such a plan on a vast emergency scale might be the only way to save Angola.

This may not excuse our vote against Portugal in the Security Council recently—a vote that aligned the United States with the United Arab Republic and the Soviet Union against not only Portugal but Britain and France as well. It does suggest, however, how hard it would be for the State Department to choose a wiser and more helpful course, even if it should decide to reverse that hasty decision. The same ap-

plies to Britain and France, which, though they supported Portugal by abstaining on this last Security Council vote, might not be able to go on doing so much longer. Both countries by now are developing their own post-independence policies in Africa. To stand firmly at Portugal's side today would be to revive old resentments; and even Britain, Portugal's oldest and best friend, has already warned Salazar privately not to count on British solidarity if the crisis deepens.

Barring some kind of diplomatic miracle, therefore, Portugal might well be left alone to face the massive assault of African nationalism and Soviet imperialism—or worse, be left with Spain as its only ally. One can picture the cartoons in Soviet journals should colonialism's last stand in Africa thus be made not simply by one dictator but by two.

The Iberian Pact

There isn't much question that Franco, if no one else, will help Salazar defend his colonies at whatever cost. His brother-in-law and wartime foreign minister, Ramón Serraño Suner, wrote recently that Spain would consider any effort to take these colonies away as an act of war, "and it would be the duty of everyone to go and fight, against ten or a thousand, to do more than the impossible to fulfill a duty, not only to the fatherland but to the world." Furthermore, the joint Portuguese-Spanish chiefs of staff, commanded by Spain's General Muñoz Grandes, have not only met frequently in recent months but have also begun to stage intensive military maneuvers. The Iberian Pact, signed just after the Spanish civil war ended in 1939, provides for measures of this kind to protect the internal security of the two signatory powers and their rulers; and though Angola is several thousand miles away from the Iberian Peninsula, it is certainly a matter of internal security for both dictators.

It is an almost universal assumption in Madrid and Lisbon that if Salazar goes, so does Franco; and hardly a soul here doubts now that Salazar will go if Angola goes. Probably no government in Lisbon could survive the loss of Portugal's biggest and richest colony. But Salazar's government, universally unpopular and encrusted with age, is particularly vulnerable. At seventy-one, the Portuguese premier has no chosen successor, no trusted friends, and not even the kind of friendly enemies who might make things easier for him at a time of unparalleled national crisis.

While the prospect of losing Angola appalls Portuguese citizens of every political shade, few of them seem to think that Salazar's leadership is indispensable for the colony's defense. On the contrary, many suggest that a younger and more imaginative man—and, some add, a more

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democratic one—might do a good deal better.

This doesn't mean that there is anything like a revolutionary ferment in Portugal at the moment. What there is, rather, is a sense—half foreboding, half expectant—of impending change; and the change, if it comes, is expected to be brought by the army. Salazar's soldiers are not bound to him, as Franco's are, by a common experience in the trenches. The army had plucked him out of Coimbra University almost by chance in 1926 and he took over the government in 1928, after the country had run through forty governments and twenty-two *coups d'état* in the preceding twelve years; and while it has supported him more or less loyally ever since, it appears to suspect now that he might be outliving his usefulness. The military plot that Salazar discovered in the nick of time last March had an interesting epilogue: nearly all the twelve officers arrested and charged with high treason were acquitted last fall—on the insistence of the army.

For the United States—and for all the NATO countries—there are several aspects of this situation that are not only disturbing but painful. Salazar may not have been an ideal ally in the ideological sense. But he has been a loyal one from the time he offered the Azores as U.S. bases—rent-free—during the war; and he has asked remarkably little from his allies in return. While he may have made mistakes in running his African colonies, several other NATO countries are not free of that particular sin; and it is at least an open question whether his determination to hold Angola now is more damaging to the western cause than was Belgium's sudden decision to free the Congo. Surely it would be desirable to help him, if possible, in a conflict whose outcome is as important for the West as for him.

But the core of the matter is much more important than the fate of this seventy-one-year-old dictator. When his rule comes to an end, we will have to help his country, which, like Angola, although to a different degree, can truly be called underdeveloped. For Portugal, and indeed the whole Iberian Peninsula, is an essential part of the West.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Our Sugar Diplomacy

DOUGLASS CATER and WALTER PINCUS

Last month, during the same week President Kennedy announced his "Alliance for Progress" with Latin America, Secretary of State Dean Rusk was quietly engaged in trying to achieve an alliance on Capitol Hill that was no less important to our neighbors to the south. It had to do with sugar, a commodity which many of them produce and which we consume in abundance. The United States now buys half a billion dollars' worth annually from abroad, paying a high premium because of the workings of our controlled sugar-marketing system. Measured in dollars, this is a considerably larger program than any "Marshall Plan" for Latin America the administration is likely to get under way.

Rusk, appearing before a closed session of the House Agriculture Committee, was dealing with a ticklish problem. After suspending purchases last year from Cuba, which held the lion's share of the market, Congress ended up handing a sizable windfall to the Dominican Republic, another Caribbean dictatorship that has been contributing to the unrest in the hemisphere. Rusk sought and obtained authority to cut off the windfall. But the authorization was granted only with great reluctance by the committee chairman, Harold Cooley, a veteran North Carolina Democrat who feels no compunctions about serving as a second Secretary of State on matters relating to sugar.

Mr. Rusk's persuasions were not the only ones that had been brought to bear on this sticky political problem. While the committee was considering the matter, a half-page advertisement appeared in the Washington *Post*, sponsored by the Press Society of the Dominican Republic, attacking the "vermin" in the State Department who have sought to apply sanctions against Generalissimo Trujillo and viciously libeling President Betancourt of Venezuela, who has led the fight against him in the Organization of American States (OAS). Other Dominican lobbyists were also at work, including Manuel de Moya, Trujillo's ambassador to the United Nations, and Dr. Oscar G. Ginebra, Dominican consul-general in Washington. Last August, the Washington lobbyist Michael B. Deane was hired to help obtain the extra sugar sales, receiving payments of $94,549.20 during a six-month period, according to his filing with the Justice Department. The Dominican Sugar Office, a government organ located in Washington, recently employed Mrs. Asunción Eckert, an elderly lady who says she is "a family friend" of Chairman Cooley, to keep track of sugar legislation. The South Puerto Rico Sugar Company, an American firm holding sugar interests in the Dominican Republic, retains a Washington at-

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torney, Walter Surrey. There have been contributory efforts at persuasion by the various P.R. outfits to which the Dominican Republic has paid more than $2.5 million during the past five years.

But there were also efforts at counterpersuasion. By the backdoor communication system familiar to Washington word was deliberately leaked that the Justice Department was watching sharply for evidence of improper lobbying activity in this field. Justice Department investigators intended to find out where and how all this money was being spent.

A Gift for the Outcast

The issue of Dominican sugar allocations came to a head during the closing hours of the regular session of Congress last summer when Congress granted the Eisenhower administration authority to cut off Cuba's quota. Largely at Mr. Cooley's behest, there were specific instructions on how the quota was to be reallocated. The Dominican Republic's share under the formula was to be almost quadrupled.

The Dominican windfall could not have come at a worse time. A few weeks later Secretary of State Herter met with other OAS foreign ministers to pass a solemn censure against Trujillo for his part in a plot to assassinate Betancourt. By a vote of 20-0 (the Dominican minister having departed), the OAS called on its members to break off diplomatic relations with the Dominican Republic, to embargo arms shipments, and to effect a partial suspension of trade in other commodities. For the U.S. government, trying to achieve OAS unity against Castro as well, it was acutely embarrassing to be compelled to provide a sugar bonus worth more than $30 million in 1960 and prospectively three times that much in 1961 to a country where the Trujillo family owns or controls more than fifty-five per cent of the sugar production.

Mr. Cooley quite obviously did not share this embarrassment. Four days after the OAS meeting, when Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon appeared before the House Agriculture Committee to explain why the government was holding up the extra quota for the Dominicans, Cooley accused him of flouting the will of Congress. The statute, Dillon was reminded, permitted no discretion to the Executive in this matter. Cooley angrily rejected Dillon's request for a statute that would permit discretion and successfully blocked a Senate bill to accomplish this purpose. The Dominicans got the advantage of their sugar bonus last year, but, as partial reprisal, the Eisenhower administration slapped a special tax on it.

This year, in yielding to the persuasions of the Kennedy administration, Cooley had not lost his doubts about where State Department policy is leading. "I have grave misgivings about it myself," he declared when he presented the committee's amendment to the House on March 21. (Unaccountably, this remark did not appear in the *Congressional Record*.) Cooley made it quite clear that he was not abandoning his hegemony over our sugar diplomacy. This spring, his committee will commence hearings preparatory to a rewriting of the Sugar Act.

How Many Lumps?

Since ancient times, sugar has been the first commodity to be hoarded during wartime and the most frequent plaything of the speculators. It has had a special role in the foreign policy of the United States. Domestic growers have not been able to satisfy a national sweet tooth that stimulates the consumption of nearly one hundred pounds per man, woman, and child. (This is nearly three times the world average, though less by some twenty pounds per head than British consumption.) Including the amount destined for industrial purposes, we will use nearly ten million tons of refined sugar this year; more than a million tons will go into our bottled beverages, half of that for Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola. This sweet tooth has created a business which, because there is no sugar stockpiling, must be delicately attuned to seasonal fluctuations. It has also created a business in which the stakes are high. Of the half billion dollars that the United States spends annually for sugar from abroad, more than $200 million is paid as a premium above the world market price. This premium originated for other reasons than as a means of largesse to foreigners. Domestic growers of cane and sugar beets, while unable to supply the whole American market themselves, have been politically powerful enough to make certain that they were not crowded out by the more cheaply produced foreign sugar. For many years the tariff on sugar, one of the first sources of revenue tapped by the Continental Congress, served as a necessary safeguard to permit the development of sugar cane in Louisiana and Florida and of sugar beets primarily in the western states. Also, by nineteenth-century treaty, the kingdom of Hawaii, where the sugar industry was developed and owned entirely by Americans, was granted special dispensation to ship its sugar duty-free.

Even in those days, American sugar consumption had an enormous effect on the economics of other nations. There came a halcyon period in 1890 when Federal revenues outran expenditures and the tariff was lifted for a time, thereby putting Cuban sugar in keen competition with Hawaiian in the U.S. market. The Hawaiian sugar growers panicked, political upheaval followed, and the monarchy of Queen Liliuokalani became the republic of Hawaii; in 1900 Hawaii became a U.S. territory.

The tariff, soon reinstated at even higher levels, proved a poor instrument for maintaining stability in the sugar business. Prices fluctuated wildly both at home and abroad during the first decades of this century, gradually settling into the starkly depressed condition of the early 1930's. In 1932, sugar was selling for less than a cent a pound in the world market and less than three cents in the United States. In some places, despairing farmers burned their cane as a substitute for fuel.

WITH THE COMING of the New Deal, the politicians were in desperate search of other means to protect growers. The chairman of the Tariff Commission wrote a letter to President Roosevelt predicting disaster unless the tariff was replaced by a rigidly administered quota system.

What evolved was a government-created cartel that goes well beyond the controls imposed in any other sector of American private enterprise. Under the provisions of the

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Jones-Costigan Act of 1934, subsequently modified to meet a Supreme Court stricture, the Secretary of Agriculture determines each year how much sugar the nation will require "at prices reasonable to consumers and fair to producers." Then, by specific prescription written into statute, the sugar market is divided among the producers down to the last spoonful—so much for domestic cane and sugar beets in each growing area of the country, so much for each of the foreign producing countries that have found favor with Congress.

The act has provide a closed-market economy in which the Department of Agriculture sets the price and supply and maintains control by direct subsidy payments to domestic sugar growers, government-allocated quotas to the sugar processors, and import certificates to sugar importers. Domestic growers have been given approximately fifty-five per cent of the market. Any non-quota farmer deciding to take a plunge in sugar beets would soon discover that he had no place to sell them.

This tight little social-security system was to be paid for by a processing tax which, after it was judged unconstitutional in 1937, was replaced by an excise tax for the same purpose. By the "conditional payment" made to farmers who comply with its regulations, the Agriculture Department also fixes minimum wages for workers—most of them migratory—in the sugar fields, restricts child labor, and provides compensation for growers' crop disasters.

The foreign producing country, obliged to deal through its own cartel to market sugar in this country, pays the U.S. excise tax as well as a tariff. But those fortunate enough to have a quota are guaranteed surplus profit in a market in which the price per pound was 5.35 cents last year, compared to the world price of 3.14 cents, or sixty-six per cent higher.

Viewed by its critics, the Sugar Act underwrites a vast subsidy program —grandly estimated at $600 million to $700 million a year—for a domestic industry employing only about 300,000 workers. In the words of one critic, Chairman William Fulbright of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "The Sugar Act, through a complex crazy quilt of regulations, governs the sugar economy of the United States for the benefit of a relatively few thousand producers and to the detriment of the . . . people."

The supporters of the Sugar Act claim that their best argument has been the way the system has worked. Sugar prices have remained fairly stable, and even during wartime, when the world price shot up far above the U.S. price, this nation has not suffered from scarcity.

Sweetening the Pot

One major reason for this stability was Cuba. Thanks to its special relationship to the United States, not to mention the fact that U.S. interests owned nearly forty per cent of its production, Cuba for many years was allowed to supply more than two-thirds of U.S. imports. It proved a reliable partner during both the Second World War and the Korean War, resisting the temptation to make a killing by diverting its sugar to a highly inflated world market. At the time of Castro's take-over in January, 1959, Cuba's quota of three million tons amounted to approximately a third of the U.S. market, domestic and foreign combined.

So long as Cuban sugar held its dominating position, the American sugar cartel kept in equilibrium. Domestic growers raised occasional outcries for the reduction of foreign quotas and lobbyists for other countries worked to break into the market or increase their share of it. But Cuban lobbyists were also active. In 1955 and 1956, they succeeded in fighting off a move to slash Cuba's quota, employing twenty-three law firms and several P.R. outfits at an estimated cost of nearly a million dollars to wage a counterattack unique in the history of lobbying.

Castro's rise brought problems, however, that even the lawyers and the P.R. men couldn't handle. Since last July, when Cuba's quota was suspended, a competition has been under way in Washington that is producing severe strains in the well-ordered world of sugar.

Within the United States, there is mounting pressure from farmers who have so far been excluded from this profitable market. In West Texas, one group has hired Oscar R. Strackbein, a veteran lobbyist for high tariffs, to secure a big enough allotment to justify putting up a beet-processing plant. (Without processing, the sugar beet's chief value is for cattle feed.) A combine of cane growers in the Florida Everglades, including refugees from Cuba, is reportedly at work on a $14-million refinery in hopes of a boost in the domestic cane quota.

But Congress also feels contrary pressures from the established beet groups, who are fearful of changing the existing marketing patterns that protect them from the East Coast cane-sugar refiners, a tightly organized group who find it more economical and convenient to import the raw product.

The competitive pressures from abroad are scarcely less intense. Guatemala seeks to increase its quota from six to twenty thousand tons a year even though its present total productive capacity is only fourteen thousand. Bolivia, with the help of the Development Loan Fund, is exploring ways to stimulate production. New mills are going up in Argentina and Panama, all designed for the U.S. market. From countries as far away as India and Ireland, quota requests have been submitted.

"As much money is spent on lobbying for sugar," according to one Tennessee congressman's rather free estimate, "as on anything, including aircraft." Some of Washington's most influential lawyers and public-relations men are in the business. Mexico retains Oscar W. Chapman, Secretary of the Interior under Truman, who during the past year reported the receipt of $41,185 in retainer and expenses for the registered objective of securing "a quota equivalent to two per cent of the total annual domestic consumption of the United States." Brazil, with no quota at present, is trying to break into the market aided by the firm of Oscar Cox, a prominent official in Roosevelt's administration, whose fee has been listed as $12,000 a year plus "twenty cents a ton for sugar shipped . . ." Peru (Hedrick and Lane), the Philippines (John A. O'Donnell), Nicaragua (Purcell and Nelson), Guatemala (Sheldon Z. Kaplan), Guadeloupe and Martinique (Walter Surrey), the British West Indies and Ecuador (Arthur L. Quinn), and a score of other countries are represented by

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agents, each of whom has a similar mission—to persuade the U.S. government of his client's merits.

The pressure points within the government on which they try to exert their influence are well defined. In the Agriculture Department, the Sugar Division has been headed for the past thirteen years by Lawrence Myers, a civil servant who gets little publicity despite the tremendous power he wields. It is Myers, acting for the Secretary, who makes the estimates of how much sugar this nation is going to consume. By skillfully adjusting this figure up or down over the course of the year, he regulates price and flow; when deficits arise, he can within certain limits shift the allocations among the various domestic and foreign producers.

Myers is also specially empowered to deal with efforts of speculators to rig the market. One such case occurred in 1959 when Julio Lobo, a Cuban sugar broker with world-wide holdings, actually managed to corner the entire foreign quota for the month of April and, by delaying the ships at sea, to drive up the price of sugar in the U.S. commodity market by twenty-five points. Lobo, who was hoping to impress Castro with how a little Cuban could shake up Cuba's great neighbor to the north, has since gone into exile.

Aside from dealing with such peccadilloes, Myers, as he freely admits, is quite unconcerned with international problems raised by sugar. His only job is to worry about whether there will be enough and not too much of it, and at the right price. Until last year, nobody else in the Executive Branch was worried about anything more.

Mr. Cooley's Kingdom

The real power has belonged to Congress and, more precisely, to the chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. Cooley, who came to Congress in 1934, has moved with a sure instinct to his present position of power. Because the Sugar Act contains an excise tax, he asserts the Constitutional right of the House of Representatives to initiate all revenue measures. Because the legislation is highly technical, he claims that only his committee has the ability to understand it. "Mr. Speaker, our Committee is about to present to this House one of the most complicated pieces of legislation that the House has ever been called upon to consider," Cooley declared in presenting the bill in 1955. "It is something you almost are forced to accept on faith."

Within the committee itself, Cooley maintains easy dominance, playing off one interest group against another. Unlike tobacco, cotton, and other commodities, each of which has its own subcommittee, sugar is handled by the full thirty-five-man committee, where Cooley is boss.

He has allowed himself remarkable discretion, receiving the sugar lobbyists one by one to make their presentations, then summoning them later to announce what each one has been awarded. By all accounts, he gets a big kick out of his princely power, especially the frequent meetings with foreign ambassadors to confer on matters of state and of sugar.

A tough man in parliamentary encounter and capable of sharp reprisals, Cooley's mastery of tactics and timing has kept others from horning in. Time after time, he has held the sugar bill until the last hours of the Congressional session, then dispatched it to the Senate on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Possibly because of the outraged protests from the senators when this happened during both the regular and the rump sessions last year, Cooley relented a little last month by sending over his bill ten days before the act was to expire.

Cooley has little difficulty deciding among the rival claimants for sugar quotas, although, as he revealed in a recent interview, some of the lesser quotas are "pulled from a hat." In the main, he has felt that the rewards should be based on "who are our friends and who are not." Obviously, this rule of thumb has special meanings for a congressman from the North Carolina tobacco country. During the 1955 sugar hearings, for example, Cooley made it quite plain to the Philippine lobbyist that his country's fate hinged on whether the Philippines could find a way to restore purchases of U.S. tobacco.

He is not reluctant to discuss his dealings with the Dominicans. He readily conceded in his interview that he has had a number of meetings with the two Dominican diplomats Ginebra and de Moya, both in Washington and New York. "They came to me with tears in their eyes asking what they could do to prove their friendship," he declared. "I told them I didn't know what could be done. I hated like hell to see a country trying to be friendly get kicked in the teeth." He had warned Dean Rusk that the course being followed was fraught with danger. He had had alarming reports from the Dominican Republic of what would happen there and had advised Dr. Ginebra not to permit anti-American demonstrations. Yes, he recognized that the Dominicans had no special right to receive such a large bonus from the cancelled Cuban quota, but he could see no reason why they shouldn't get their share the same as any other country. Trujillo, Cooley protested, wasn't the only dictator around.

Cooley professed to be unperturbed by rumors that his attitude might be influenced by favors from the Dominicans. He denied firmly that he had received anything. He had never been to that country or met the Generalissimo. In 1955, several members of the committee had taken a trip to the island, paid for by the Dominican sugar interests. Neither he nor his wife had been able to go, but because the seats were empty, his son and daughter-in-law went instead, along with his sister, who was then serving as committee clerk. He did not think it was inappropriate for a special-interest group to foot the committee's bill.

At the same time, Cooley displayed a shrewd recognition that there were advantages to be gained by having such a vast power to dispense bounty. One of his grave objections to giving greater discretion to the State Department was that it would be tantamount to "letting a bureaucrat downtown become sugar czar with the power to make fortunes for some people."

Even if the Dominican issue has been laid to rest, there are still a number of difficult problems that lie ahead for our sugar diplomacy. Which countries should be allowed to make up the Cuban quota? Should these allocations be permanent or

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merely temporary? If permanent, what happens to Cuba if Castro is overthrown and a democratic government petitions for its former share? If temporary, what happens to the new producers who gear up their productive capacity to meet the increased demand only to have it suddenly cut off? Looking farther ahead, how will the United States satisfy the one-million-ton increase in its annual sugar consumption which is the minimum expectation for the next decade?

Some who have thought seriously about the matter suggest that there are at least three ways to handle these problems. One would be to scrap the whole quota system. This would probably have been the end result of an amendment sponsored in late March by Senators Fulbright and Paul H. Douglas (D., Illinois) to require that Cuba's redistributed quota be paid for at the world price rather than at a premium. The senators argued that the Sugar Act provides a poor form of foreign aid, since its benefits must trickle down through echelons of brokers, producers, and large landholders in Latin America. The amendment was heavily defeated after both Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles and the sugar lobbyists had expressed fears over the havoc it would cause at home and abroad.

A second way is to recognize that, whether we like it or not, sugar has become an important instrument of our foreign policy. There can never be a return to the good old system in which Cuba served as the nation's sugar bowl and the other countries vied for small favors. In future assignments of quotas, the United States must, of course, take into account such factors as a country's capacity to produce, its general trade relations, and other economic matters. But certainly we should also give, in President Kennedy's words, "special attention to those nations most willing and able to mobilize their own resources, make necessary social and economic reforms, engage in long-range planning, and make other efforts necessary if they are to reach the stage of self-sustaining growth."

A third way, of course, would be to go on letting Mr. Cooley run the whole show.

Tammany in Search of a Boss

MEG GREENFIELD

Even the Democratic mayor of New York City, never one to give unnecessary offense, has finally declared that Carmine De Sapio must go. In a struggle for power in which power is emphatically deplored by all contestants, Robert F. Wagner has thus allied himself with the reform groups in his party who have claimed that "the image of bossism" as embodied in the present leader of Tammany Hall is detrimental to Democratic candidates in both national and local elections. The election that obviously concerns Mr. Wagner above all others takes place next fall, when he himself, according to all the signs, will be running for a third four-year term.

The stakes in the mayoralty contest are high. Should the Democrats lose to a Republican or Fusion ticket, Nelson Rockefeller's hopes of being re-elected governor by a landslide in 1962 would obviously be strengthened and so would the Republican chances of carrying New York in the Presidential election two years later. It is only natural, therefore, that the Democratic administration in Washington has given New York a high priority on its list of politically distressed areas. Against those who are said to represent "the image of bossism" in New York, President Kennedy has apparently adopted the same strategy he once outlined for use against the Castro régime in Cuba: nonrecognition, economic sanctions, and aid to opposition forces. It is unlikely that De Sapio can survive the combined opposition of the reformers, the mayor, and the White House.

Actually, De Sapio has been on the way out for a long time. He has been fighting rear-guard actions to cover his retreat from the more or less absolute power most of his predecessors enjoyed ever since he came to power in 1949. His friends claim that he is one of the most enlightened and certainly one of the least dictatorial leaders Tammany Hall has ever known, and they argue that Republicans and maverick Democrats would be yelling about "the image of bossism" even if Mrs. Roosevelt had the job. It is beyond doubt that there has been increasingly more "image" than "bossism" about De Sapio's political career as the years have gone by, but the explanation may have less to do with his personal virtues than with certain fundamental changes in the Democratic Party itself.

The Melting Pot

Tammany Hall, which has been projecting one sort of "image of bossism" or another ever since political parties were established in this country, is located at present in a suite of offices at 331 Madison Avenue. That is the headquarters of the executive committee of the New York County Democratic Committee, to call it by its proper name, which is currently composed of sixty-six district leaders—a man and a woman from each of thirty-three Democratic district clubhouses in Manhattan. Among them the leaders have sixteen votes, and after their election every two years they in turn elect the county leader.

As a result of successes in primary contests, the reformers now control about four votes; the Harlem leadership, which is said to be sympathetic to the idea of a change at the top, controls three; and there are several other leaders upon whose support De Sapio cannot depend with any degree of certainty. As the margin against him has grown, De Sapio's power has naturally decreased, since he has come to owe more and more to those who do support him. "They can all ask to be mayor," as one loyal leader told me. At the same time, cut off from Federal, municipal, and most recently borough patronage, De Sapio has less available in the way of rewards for the faithful. He may even have trouble holding on to his own district, since the reformers have already picked a rather formidable candidate, James S. Lanigan, in an all-out effort to unseat him next September.

Whether or not the mayor will be able to muster the necessary votes to

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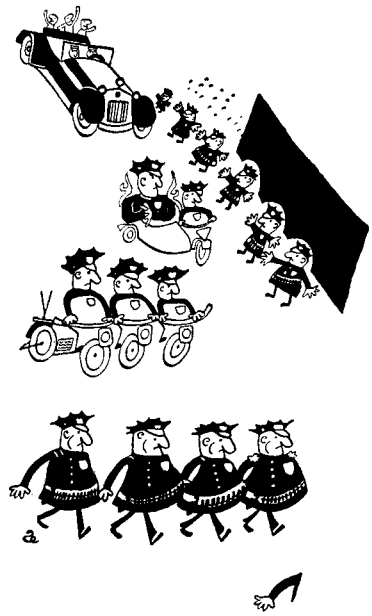
unseat De Sapio in the near future is problematical to say the least, since he will also be faced with the task of finding a successor acceptable to all those district leaders who take part in the dethroning. But even if a compromise replacement can be found, it is clear that the mayor will not have resolved the internal warfare of the party in Manhattan, a conflict of which De Sapio is only superficially the cause. In some ways, it is difficult to imagine a more unlikely coalition than the group that calls itself the New York County Democratic Party.

THE DEMOCRATS in Manhattan have always been divided on ethnic lines, and this strife has not abated under De Sapio, the first politician of Italian parentage to hold a job that has traditionally gone to an Irishman. A Jewish district leader recently protested that his club had a "right" to a borough post that had just been filled by a Negro. "This town is still eighty-five per cent white," he informed me. And the mayor is reported in the *Times* to have designated a man named Frank Lucia for Sanitation Commissioner to ward off criticism by Italian Americans "who have been disturbed over possible ethnic aspects of his attempt to unseat De Sapio."

In totting up Tammany votes it is still customary to divide them into Irish, Jewish, Negro, and Italian categories, although there are varying degrees of loyalty among the groups themselves and varying degrees of hostility toward one another. According to current reports, there is a small group of Italian district leaders who constitute De Sapio's inner circle and who, as one student of such matters told me, "call up the Jews after their meetings and tell them what the score is." Of the five Irish district leaders, three who are said to be lukewarm at best toward De Sapio meet from time to time in an informal caucus. "When they want to upset De Sapio," one reformer told me, "they have lunch together in a public place and make sure they are seen." After that, the story goes, it is only a matter of time until De Sapio calls up to find out what's on their minds.

Even the reformers may be said to represent, among other things, the efforts of the professional and white-collar business classes to acquire their rightful share of political power in New York. But most of the groupings are informal. The reform district leaders can probably be expected to stay together on important votes, but only the five district leaders of Harlem have formally declared their intention to vote as a unit.

THE HARLEM CONSTELLATION came into existence in 1959, a year after De Sapio and his allies attempted to dispossess Adam Clayton Powell of his seat in Congress and to replace him with City Councilman Earl Brown. Powell retaliated by running candidates against all those Harlem district leaders who had opposed his nomination, and he defeated all but one. Shortly thereafter the formation of the United Leadership Team was announced. It was apparent that the team spirit had worn somewhat thin last winter when two leaders sided with the mayor and three with De Sapio over the selection of a borough president. But the position of the Negro leaders in the current Tammany leadership



struggle seems one eminently suitable for bargaining. "We are not anti-Carmine," Powell has said, "and we are not pro-Carmine."

The reformers, of course, are "anti-Carmine," but they have called for a good deal more than De Sapio's head. Among their stated objectives are open party membership and open party books, improved methods of selecting judges, elimination of useless patronage jobs, and the selection of nominees for office "on the basis of qualifications primarily and secondarily on party service." It all adds up to an effort to make the Democratic Party more responsive to the wishes of its members, a program which is taken as a personal offense by most old-style clubhouse leaders. All this, plus the reformers' insistence on taking over the county leadership themselves, will make any agreement between them and the disaffected Negro, Irish, and Jewish leaders not only difficult to negotiate but possibly, in the long run, meaningless.

'They Can Join the Peace Corps'

Among the "regular" clubs there are different degrees of democracy and autocracy. J. Raymond ("The Fox") Jones's Harlem club, for example, where the walls are still adorned with memorabilia of the 1959 primaries ("The Powell Team Says End the Harlem Plantation System; Kick Out the Belly Boys"), has been described by one reformer as "a modern old-line" club. Jones, reputedly the brains of the United Leadership Team, resents being asked about his adherence to the reformers' principles; he considers that his efforts in that direction long predate theirs. But he also considers their fuss about patronage as more than a little naïve. However much the regular clubs may vary in their internal structures, they are all alike in that their leaders are chiefly known by the jobs they can acquire and the votes they can deliver. "I've got a suggestion for all these dedicated idealists," Jones remarked with some exasperation the other day. "They can join the Peace Corps."

On Monday and Thursday evenings while the reform clubs are likely to be holding lengthy meetings within the framework of Robert's Rules, old-line district leaders are sitting at desks in their clubhouses receiving the supplicants who line up to seek jobs, legal advice, and other assistance. At Michael Bloom's club and at Hyman Solnicker's club on the lower East Side one still hears Yiddish. At John Merli's Miami Democratic Club in East Harlem there is a Spanish translator for the

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benefit of the Puerto Rican clientele. Merli, whose father was an Italian immigrant grocer, sits at a desk beneath pictures of Pope Pius, Pope John, and Cardinal Spellman, dispensing what favors he can. "Without bragging," he told me, "it's leaders like myself who can deliver the vote." The increased scope of civil service, he concedes, has made it "rough," but he can still place people in jobs at the hospital department or get them four-month hitches as asphalt tampers in the department of borough works, and he can always place them at jobs in the sewer department. A man gets $235 a year more in the sewer department, but most of Merli's people don't like working there.

At the club led by Eugene McManus, an Irish undertaker, the walls are hung with pictures of Thomas McManus and Charles McManus, bearing witness to the dynastic tendencies in many of the Irish organizations. In addition to his chores as district leader and undertaker, McManus is a deputy clerk of the city court—"at eleven thousand," as his secretary admiringly pointed out. Most of the old-line leaders simply don't believe the reformers when they expostulate against abuses of patronage. It is Hyman Solnicker's view, as it was Plato's, that all wars are fought over money, and to his way of thinking the reform movement is no exception. "Don't tell me," he cautioned, "they're not all trying to get city jobs at thirteen, thirteen-five."

BE THAT as it may, most members of reform groups would be more inclined to join the Peace Corps, as J. Raymond Jones has urged, than they would to seek jobs as asphalt tampers. Those who join reform clubs are apt to be younger, better off, and better educated than their "regular" counterparts; and although the more ambitious among them may be looking for government or party posts, it is clear that many of them are simply not much interested in the tangible rewards of politics. This relatively exalted view of the democratic processes often makes it much more difficult for reform leaders to maintain effective discipline in the ranks than it is for old-line leaders. It also leads, naturally, to a great deal of talk. The job of drawing up a new constitution for the reformers' central organization, a worker told me, required several drafts and took seven months, or three months more than the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia took to produce its document. When a final draft was sent out to the reform clubhouses, it came back with about 270 proposed amendments.

Since many members of the reform clubs first came into politics during the Presidential campaigns of Adlai Stevenson, it is not surprising that they are largely concerned about national issues that rarely interest the regular organization except during Presidential years. Even at those times, the regulars tend to respond in a somewhat automatic way. At a rally for party workers last fall, for example, when De Sapio announced that American prestige abroad had fallen to an all-time low, the audience, apparently recognizing only a hallowed party issue, responded to the news with a resounding cheer.

Things are very different among the reformers. At a symposium of West Side reform groups not long ago there were panel discussions on such subjects as "NATO and the A-Bomb" and "The Economic Consequences of Disarmament." "Bomb," I was told, "is in Room 115." In Room 115, a gentleman was holding the rapt attention of his largely feminine audience with an elaboration of the problems in the disposal of atomic wastes. Even without accepting any of the intellectual distinctions that are all too obviously suggested by many reformers, it might still be supposed that the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Eugene E. McManus Democratic Association would be about as interested in the disposal of atomic wastes as the ladies of the reform movement might be in a rousing game of bingo.

The question of women's participation in politics illustrates, perhaps better than any other, the social and non-negotiable character of some of the issues dividing the two sides. Female district co-leaders, although theoretically exercising equal voice and equal vote with their male leaders in Tammany Hall, tend in the old-line clubs to remain somewhat shadowy figures.

It is testimony to the vociferously independent role women play in the reform movement that it seems at the moment to have lost the loyalty and precious votes of two of its elected female co-leaders as the consequence of political disputes.

The attitude of most old-style female leaders, on the other hand, was probably best summed up by Mrs. Elsie Gleason Mattura when she was interviewed on television before the primary elections of 1959. When Mrs. Mattura, a grandmotherly figure who is De Sapio's own co-leader in Greenwich Village, was asked if women had a voice in her club, she replied that they certainly did. Could they be called independent? They certainly could, said Mrs. Mattura. Had she, as an example, in all her years on the executive committee ever had occasion to vote differently from or disagree with a position taken by Carmine De Sapio? Mrs. Mattura seemed shocked. "God forbid!" she exclaimed.

IN SOME RESPECTS, clearly, the misunderstanding between the two sides is total, especially as it reflects differences of class, of habit, of motivation, and of need. The reformers rarely concede that aspects of class warfare mark the struggle, but the old-line leaders do so at least obliquely when they argue that in fact the reformers have little to offer to the common people of New York. One old-line leader complained that he has been handling hundreds of housing complaints and eviction threats for years, but "every time Bill Ryan finds a hole in the wall somewhere they take a flash bulb of it and send it to the papers." "Can you imagine one of those fellows sitting here and looking after the people like I do?" another old-line leader demanded.

The charges are more than a little unfair and in part reflect the old-line leaders' current tendency to defend themselves as so many underpaid social workers. Some incumbent reform clubs—John Harrington's club in Yorkville is an example—have managed to win back many of the old-line members they displaced and to fulfill their community functions as well as or better than their predecessors did. Moreover, the reformers argue, it is the corrupt judge,

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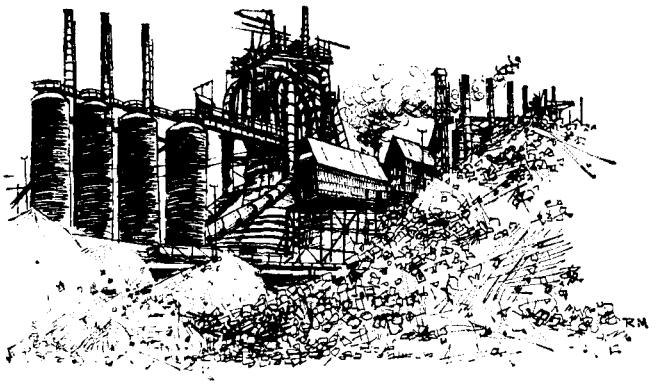
the housing scandal, the "big fix" that cause the primary harm to New Yorkers, harm that is in no way diminished by the traditional boat rides and job-placement services of the Tammany district clubhouse. At the same time it is indeed true that in most districts reform clubs have yet to capture the loyalty of the mass of people they are trying to save, and the social base of their movement remains comparatively narrow.

The Art of the Possible

Just now, the reformers are faced with a number of difficult problems that are definitely political rather than theoretical in nature. They must decide, for instance, what price, if any, they will pay for the ouster of De Sapio; whether they will support any but one of their own leaders to replace him; and whether they will support a mayoralty candidate like Wagner who is only partially identified with their cause rather than wage a primary fight that could result in the election of either a Republican or an organization-backed Democrat who might be even less sympathetic. They must decide, in short, what they really want and how they can best get it.

Leaders such as J. Raymond Jones, with whom the reformers would have to come to terms in any unseating of De Sapio, are growing increasingly impatient. Jones, who has expressed his determination to be around "to pick up the pieces" when De Sapio goes, says that he could go along with the reformers on some rules changes, on a change of leadership, on the dissemination of power. But he is put off by any implication that the reformers are "the God-chosen few." Jones has been in politics for thirty-five years, and he made it clear to me that his patience wears very thin "when one of these youngsters has the nerve to tell me he is the only one who should be county leader." Of one thing only Jones claims to feel certain: "The reform movement will be destroyed in the coming election, whatever happens."

But taking the long view, it seems as unlikely that the reformers will be destroyed in November as it does that the departure of Carmine De Sapio will bring peace and order to the Democratic Party of New York.



STEEL UNDER STRESS:

II. Where's That Old Know-How?

CHARLES CONNOR

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S economic advisers are all agreed that for the past several years the American economy has been tired and sluggish and that something ought to be done about it. The steel industry fits this description perhaps better than any other. It is operating at hardly more than fifty per cent of its 150-million-ton annual capacity. About 150,000 steelworkers are out of work, many with no prospect of re-employment within the industry for a long time.

The steel industry is at the very core of the American economy: steel is one of the most important building materials; it is the basic material from which all transport equipment other than the airplane is made; it is indispensable in most branches of engineering and is, of course, the traditional raw material in a wide variety of consumer goods from cans to refrigerators. With steel ailing, no industrial economy can be in the pink of health.

What is the matter with steel and what ought to be done about it? With the long 1959-1960 steel strike still fresh in our minds, there is a tendency to look for answers to these questions in labor-management relations, or more specifically in the repeatedly successful efforts of both labor and management to advance their interests at the expense of the rest of the economy. But what is even more disturbing is the fact that while we squabble over wages and hours, the steelmakers of other nations have been catching up and passing us by, both in technology and in output.

Whereas in 1929 and again in the first five years after the Second World War about half the world's steel was produced in North America, now not even thirty per cent is produced here.

MUCH of this shift in the production pattern is easily explained. In the Communist bloc new steel capacity has been created under forced draft. In Western Europe and in Japan a new industry was built after the Second World War with considerable help from the United States. It was inevitable in these conditions that American steel would lose some of its preponderant share of world production.

Furthermore, it is commonly recognized that the more mature and technologically advanced a country is, the more its steel production will tend to lag behind the economy as a whole. This is especially true in the postwar United States, with its extraordinary growth of service industries. Indeed, there are some economists who feel that the United States may now be starting to move beyond the steel age.

In any event, there is no question

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that in the world of competitive technology, steel is bound to lose some battles to materials that can do as good a job or better at no increase in cost. Thus, prestressed concrete, aluminum, and plastics have replaced steel for a number of different uses. But steel has won out in other areas. Alloy steels with greater strength per unit of weight can be substituted on a less than pound-for-pound basis for carbon steels. Where this kind of substitution encourages price reductions in finished products, there may actually be an increase in the total market for steel.

On balance, however, steel has been deeply and permanently hurt by substitute materials. They are resistant to corrosion, easier to process, lighter in weight and therefore more easily and more cheaply transported; in general, they are simpler to maintain and repair. Once a manufacturer has shifted from one basic raw material to another, especially where machinery has to be redesigned or replaced, he is unlikely to shift back. Yet the fact that fundamental shifts away from steel have been taking place over a relatively short period suggests that something more than technological evolution is involved. That "something more"—and it is a very important factor indeed—has been the rapid rise in steel prices.

Challenge from the Old World

Between 1955 and 1958, iron and steel prices in the United States rose twenty per cent as compared with seven per cent for all other commodities except for farm products and food. At the same time, the spread between American and foreign prices has been widening. Continental prices for sheets rose less than ten dollars a ton between 1953 and 1960 as against thirty to forty dollars a ton here. British prices rose more than those on the Continent, but Japanese prices have actually fallen somewhat. This price spread, coupled with the fact that capacity for sheets, strips, and coils in Europe and Japan will be greatly increased in the immediate future, suggests that the American industry will soon face a lot more import competition.

It is much too easy to blame the increasing price spread between American and foreign producers solely on the United Steelworkers. Of course, the spread would have been less if the union's demands had been less (and less willingly acceded to by an industry sure of its ability to pass on the price increase to its customers). But the spread would also have been less if American producers had been more willing to change their ways in changing times. It is a fact that almost all the basic innovations in steelmaking technology in recent years have been introduced abroad. It was the Austrians who first made use of oxygen injections in blast furnaces and converters, and thereby made it possible to reduce by as much as half the time needed to make a given batch of steel. It was the French and the Swedes who perfected the electric furnace to make pig iron. It is the French who have pioneered the production of coke from coals of poor coking qualities, and the British and Japanese who have made most headway in developing ways of concentrating, pelletizing, and sintering low-grade ores. And these are only a few examples.

With the very sizable exception of the U.S. Steel Corporation, the American industry has in general neglected research into basic steelmaking in favor of end-product development and refinement. Nor has it always been quick to pick up innovations developed abroad.

There are some explanations, if not exactly excuses, for American steel's failure to keep up. It takes a great amount of capital to build a steel mill; and once that capital is invested, it is usually impossible to make a rapid change in the process chosen or in the plant location. The American industry was built up around Pittsburgh because the best coking coal was there and because the big markets seemed to be within easy transportation range. But as the markets on both coasts began to grow larger, Pittsburgh began to lose ground. Long before the Second World War, the high cost of freighting steel from Pittsburgh to the East and West Coasts began to encourage the industry to spread out. The Second World War accelerated the trend. But with the end of the war the trend was abruptly halted because the industry was seized with fears of overexpansion.

In marked contrast to most steel-using industries, the steel industry itself took a modest view of postwar demand. Steel producers told the Committee for Economic Development in 1944 that they estimated a postwar market about thirty-five per cent higher than that of 1939. On the other hand, C.E.D. got estimates of increases ranging from fifty-three per cent to seventy-six per cent from such steel-using industries as automobiles, transportation equipment, and machinery of all kinds. This inconsistency was noted in C.E.D.'s report, but there is nothing to indicate that it had any immediate effect on the attitude of the steel industry.

THE INDUSTRY'S slowness to anticipate new demand was coupled with a failure to exploit new iron-ore resources early enough. The industry knew well ahead of time that the fabulously rich Mesabi iron-ore deposits in Minnesota were not inexhaustible. Either sources of high-grade ore had to be found abroad (which, to be used competitively, required more steel capacity near coastal ports) or new low-grade ore sources had to be developed at home. To use low-grade ores efficiently, different steelmaking technologies had to be employed, some of them new to American companies. The industry recognized these facts in good time but did little to adjust to them.

In the immedate postwar years, of course, it was all too easy for steel management to procrastinate. Most foreign steel producers were in bad shape as a result of the war. The American industry was able to sell its output practically anywhere without paying too much attention to costs, and consequently not much attention was paid. But it was in those years that American steel lost its competitive advantage. Steel substitutes took hold at home. Overseas, with substantial American help, old industries were being rebuilt with modern steelmaking processes.

Even before the Korean War, the American steel industry realized it had underestimated demand and began to expand again. President Truman's Economic Report to Congress in July, 1950, just two weeks after war began in Korea, voiced a growing concern in Washington about a lack of steel capacity. "Further ex-

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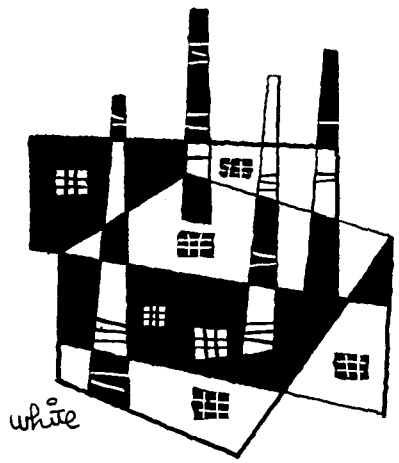
pansion of the steel industry," the report said, "would be good business even in an entirely peacetime context. The only effect of the present international situation is to make that expansion even more urgent." By January, 1951, the President was suggesting in his Economic Report that perhaps the government ought to build some steel capacity itself.

Prodded by this threat and a host of selected controls and incentives, the American steel industry expanded capacity in a big way during the Korean crisis. Considerable additional investment went into iron-ore exploitation in Labrador, Venezuela, Liberia, and elsewhere. The United States Steel Corporation opened its huge Fairless Works on the Delaware River and thereby was finally able to compete on better terms with Bethelehem at Sparrows Point in the rich and growing Eastern market.

At the end of the Korean War the American steel industry was much bigger but not a great deal more technically advanced in its competition with foreign producers. Since it had expanded rapidly again under the stimulus of wartime conditions, there was not much incentive to pay attention to costs or future competition. A good example of the attitude of the industry in those years was its demand for an embargo or limitation on the export of scrap. During the Korean War and again in the 1956-1957 boom, the steel companies persuaded the government to set strict limits on exports of scrap so that there would be an adequate supply at home at not too exorbitant prices. This protective device resulted directly in a shift in Japanese investment that speeded up the introduction of oxygen-injection techniques and led to a corresponding reduction in the need for American scrap.

One Sure Way to Make Sales

What can be done to bring the steel industry to life again, to help it recapture some of its lost markets and avoid future losses? The Kennedy administration clearly favors new investment incentives. A substantial tax credit, perhaps amounting to a thirty per cent reduction in the corporate tax rate, is being suggested for all investments made over and above existing depreciation allowances. Just how much this will help steel is problematical; it is by no means certain that such a credit will not help producers of steel substitutes more than producers of steel. Furthermore, it is not clear that such a credit is necessary. With steel operating at only about fifty per cent of capacity, new capacity is not the first requirement. The present situation calls for modernization. Perhaps new investment incentives will encourage those companies which, like Inland Steel, are not now investing even to the limit of their present depreciation allowances. But with the industry operating so far below capacity, it is very difficult to judge either the need for investment incentives or the possible effects of such incentives. The industry has been modernizing, indeed automating, at many points for many



years. No one seriously contends that more modernization—and automation—will not be needed. But without a better market prospect than at present, management will hardly be able to judge either the amount or the kind of new investment that promises the best return.

It is new markets rather than tax credits for new investment that are the first need of the steel industry today. And the only economic remedy that really commends itself is simply a cut in steel prices by the industry itself—at least a cut in the price of those products for which there is "substitute" competition at home and export-import competition from abroad. Steel's markets at home will grow, of course, as the general level of the economy rises from its present low state. To bring about such a rise is certainly the first aim of the government's economic policies. If government plans to do more by tinkering with the tax laws—a questionable practice at best in these circumstances—it would make more sense to devise a tax credit for income earned from steel exports; the industry needs to have an export drive kindled within it. But in any case, rather than offering incentives for new investment at this time, the government's aim, in industries like steel that are operating far below capacity, should be to devise incentives for cutting prices.

Price cuts in steel, at least price reductions relative to other prices at home and abroad, are bound to come in the years ahead no matter what government does. The pressure of competition at home and from abroad is being felt acutely in the board rooms of the industry. It would be tragic if government did anything to lead steel management into believing that somehow these cuts can be avoided if they are only postponed long enough. In times of recession it is very easy for the administration to give such an impression in its understandable eagerness to help all those, big and small, who are in distress. But in the case of steel the ailment is of long standing, and it is not going to be cured this year or next. Modernization takes time at best. Now it must go ahead hand in hand with price cuts and, hopefully, increased production for home and export markets.

There is room to cut prices: steel profits, while low, appear to be higher than they were in the two previous postwar recessions. And some of the costs of producing steel, particularly scrap prices are away down today. In any case, the fact that the industry can break even while producing at only fifty per cent of capacity (and some observers think the break-even point may be below forty per cent) is becoming something of an indictment in the minds of the public. Steel management and labor as well should take note. The next move is clearly up to them.

(This is the second of two articles on the steel industry. The first, an examination of labor-management relations by Richard M. Ralston, appeared in our March 30 issue.)

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Notes on the Netherlands

GEORGE SOLOVEYTCHIK

THE CONSTANT TRAVELING of cabinet ministers and heads of government has become an integral part of present-day politics, but perhaps nobody has traveled more than the foreign minister of the Netherlands, Dr. Joseph M. A. H. Luns. The problems and the occasions may vary considerably, but whether Dr. Luns is serving as chairman of the committee seeking a compromise between the European Economic Community and the European Free Trade Area or whether he is addressing NATO or the United Nations, his is always the voice of liberal common sense coupled with imagination.

Bombs were still falling when the Belgian, Luxembourgian, and Netherlands exiled governments in London began to plan an economic union among their countries. Despite overwhelming odds and unexpected obstacles, the first Benelux Treaty has fully achieved its purpose. Some 97.5 per cent of the three small nations' economies are by now fully integrated, with agriculture forming the difficult exception. After 1954 Benelux, as a single unit, occupied fourth place among the world's trading nations. Only the United States, Great Britain, and West Germany have boasted a higher trade volume.

Both at home and abroad the foreign ministers of the Netherlands have had to master formidable problems. First of all, as ministers in a democracy, they must persuade the people as well as parliament and the government before undertaking a line of action, and public opinion in the Netherlands is strong and diversified. The Dutch are often both petty and pedantic, and always they want the last word.

"In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is offering too little and asking too much"

wrote George Canning to the British ambassador to The Hague, in his famous dispatch of 1826. This holds true today and applies not merely to commerce but to domestic politics as well. It is not, however, always true where foreign relations are concerned these days.

Another difficulty the ministers must deal with is the Dutch social structure and the established patterns of living. Today Dutch society is overwhelmingly middle-class, though a small aristocracy still exists and some old patrician families continue to play an important part in public life. But there is no industrial or agricultural proletariat, since workers and farmers now belong to the middle class too. The real divisions are not along class lines at all, but are religious, professional, and regional. People are divided into little groups; as often as not these are

neighbors who drop in on each other and consume vast quantities of tea or coffee. They have their own inn with their own *Bittertafel* (drinking table), and their place at such a table largely depends on age, position, or military rank. Their gatherings are seldom animated, and their interests are limited. As individuals the Dutch sometimes strike the foreigner as heavy and dull.

Foreigners are received with great hospitality and treated to magnificent meals. But when on their own, Dutch families eat and live with the utmost frugality. Holland's wonderful butter, for example, is reserved for guests or for export, and the normal domestic diet is margarine. In the evenings, the husband usually works on files he has brought from the office or studies for some new diploma—almost every promotion requires an additional diploma. The women, like their Swiss sisters, have a mania for cleanliness. In other countries spring cleaning is an annual affair; in the Netherlands it is a daily routine.

Society is solid. Among West European nations the Netherlands has the highest birth rate, with the lowest proportion of illegitimacy and the lowest divorce rate. Religion continues to exercise a strong influence on both private and political life. Slightly more than forty per cent of the people are Protestant, mostly practicing an austere form of Calvinism; a little under forty per cent are Catholic; the rest belong to other denominational groups or to none. Though they know how to work together extremely well, the Catholics and the Calvinists stick strictly to their own political and professional organizations. (Everybody in the Netherlands knows about the Roman Catholic Goat Breeding Association, for instance.) There are three separate labor federations: the Catholic, the Calvinist, and the Socialist. Members of the last are not necessarily atheists but they do not take their religion quite so seriously.

Good News for Bachelors

The Netherlands has more than a dozen parties, some of them with strong historical traditions and names like "Anti-Revolutionary" and "Christian Historical Union." Broadly speaking, the nation is now divided into three main groups: the Catholic People's Party (conservative), the Socialists, and a number of diverse Protestant parties that can be considered liberal. Though the country has been famous for religious tolerance for many centuries, religion is nevertheless a strong political dividing line.

Since the end of the war all cabinets have been coalitions of Catholics and Socialists—whose strength in the country is pretty evenly divided—sharing the responsibilities of office with a small sprinkling of the other parties. The present government, which came into being during the last week of May, 1959, is the first one in which the Socialists have not participated. It is a coalition of Catholics and liberals. The premier, Professor Jan E. de Quay, a Catholic, has put forward a program with a distinct liberal undercurrent. The heavy (up to sixty-four per cent) tax on bachelors and spinsters was to be

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reduced. Wages have been increased and some of the big industrial firms have agreed to lower their prices.

Long intervals between the announcement of election results and the formation of a new government are traditional. The nation, however, takes these long intervals with complete equanimity, and the governments that finally do emerge usually represent an almost complete continuity of policy on really essential questions. Without this continuity it would have been impossible to achieve the nation's spectacular economic recovery, which in many ways is far more impressive than the much-advertised West German "economic miracle." Not only did hostilities on Netherlands territory last much longer than in most other countries but, before retreating, the Germans had blown up dikes and bridges, thus exposing the Dutch to floods and all but immobilizing the vital internal waterways. The Germans removed cattle and goods and industrial equipment on such a scale that when liberation finally came, the Dutch were a hungry and angry people with practically nothing left but their indomitable determination to rebuild their country.

As things turned out, they had to rebuild twice in rapid succession. On January 27, 1953, the Netherlands government proudly announced to its people and the rest of the world that reconstruction work had been completed and that no further American aid would be required. Four days later a catastrophic flood occurred, the worst natural disaster in Holland since 1421. Within ten months not only was all the damage repaired but the entire cost of the second reconstruction effort was paid for out of the state's regular tax receipts. Nothing symbolizes the nation's proud record in rebuilding, organization, and expansion in a more striking fashion than the city of Rotterdam—razed by the Germans in 1940 and now once again a flourishing, modern center both of business and the arts.

Germany's return to prosperity has been a major contributory cause to the recovery of the Netherlands. German transit trade alone, with all the additional sources of income it means to Dutch banking, insurance, and transportation, goes far to compensate the Netherlands for the loss of Indonesia. The great surprise about the secession of the latter is that it has not impoverished the Dutch to any visible degree. However, to achieve their present prosperity the Dutch people had to accept, for nearly ten years, a level of consumption low enough to allow a major part of the increase in national income to be set aside for economic recovery and expansion.

More Mouths, More Effort

The economic prospects are encouraging. But the Dutch can never afford to rest on their laurels. Overrapid population growth creates contradictory necessities of short-term and long-term economic policies. Since 1900 the population, which

has now reached 11.4 million, has more than doubled. Industrialization is therefore a necessity for the Netherlands if the population is to be sustained at a reasonable level, and some sixty thousand new jobs have to be created every year. Emigration is therefore an urgent need, and since the end of the war several hundred thousand Dutchmen have left; they are particularly popular in Canada as farmers. Since there is a shortage of skilled workers, short-term requirements make emigration undesirable, while the long-term prospects, on the other hand, render it unavoidable. Meanwhile, more living space has to be created for the people in their own small land, which has a territory of only 12,850 square miles and already has a record density of population. Creating living space means, in the first place, driving back the sea; the building, draining, drying, and then the development of ever new polders. All this is being done at a rapid rate requiring enormous investment. Moreover, the struggle against the sea must also be considered from another point of view. Within two weeks of the 1953 flood, a "Delta Commission" was established to work out plans for the prevention of similar disasters in the future. A far-reaching scheme for sealing some of the estuaries by the creation of powerful sluice gates and still more dikes has been adopted. It will take twenty-five years to complete and will cost no less than 2.5 billion guilders, or about $660 million.

But no matter how skilled, industrious, persevering, and frugal the Dutch people may be, they cannot go it alone. Much of their well-being depends on the economic policy of other nations and particularly on that of the United States. In recent years traditionally excellent Dutch-American relations have been affected by instances of American discrimination ranging from import restrictions on Dutch cheese to the refusal of important landing rights to the KLM airlines company. This situation is all the more paradoxical since KLM stock is quoted on Wall Street and now forms part of many American investment portfolios.

Foreign capital has found Dutch securities and direct industrial investment very attractive and there is a two-way flow of capital. Amsterdam has resumed its long tradition of foreign lending. The Dutch have been international merchants and navigators since the dawn of their history, and they attach the utmost importance to the removal or reduction of trade barriers and monetary restrictions throughout the world. Benelux can be said to have been a precursor to the European Economic Community, since it showed what could be done in this direction—provided there was the will to do it.

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Russia's Own 'Peace Corps' for Africa

MARVIN KALB

Moscow

"When I was seventeen years old, I did not have time to study. Those were the days of our revolution. I grabbed a rifle and headed for the front to fight against foreign intervention. I was in Siberia, and I fought against the Americans."

Puffing evenly on his Sherlock Holmes pipe, the nattily dressed speaker glanced at the bust of an African that sat on top of his bookshelf. His manner was as unhurried and composed as his desk was neat.

"It was not until I was thirty that I could finally enter some kind of an institute. I had set a task for myself. I knew that I wanted to fight against colonialism, and I decided to use historical science in my fight. So I entered the Institute of the East in Leningrad. There, I could have studied about either Asia or Africa, two colonial areas. I chose Africa."

More than three decades have passed since that decision; and in this time Professor I. I. Potekhin, the English- and Swahili-speaking director of Russia's newly established Institute of Africa, has energetically devoted himself to the fulfillment of his task. He has written numerous books and articles about Africa, always molding his critique to the requirements of Marxism-Leninism. He has journeyed through sub-Saharan Africa, always aiming to convince an emerging generation of nationalist leaders that Moscow is brimful of "selfless support." Indeed, throughout the world Soviet Africanism has become identified with his prolific and peripatetic efforts.

Professor Potekhin has now been rewarded with his most challenging assignment: to supervise the Institute of Africa, the educational spearhead of Russia's drive to train the best-equipped cadre of Africa specialists in the world. This group of specialists has a vital role to play in Moscow's scholarly and diplomatic plans. It will engage in the research necessary to an understanding of Africa's revolutionary potential. And it will train many of the men who will staff Russia's expanding diplomatic and technical missions throughout Africa — men whose knowledge of the local language, economics, and social structure will help them in their efforts to explain Soviet technology and exemplify Soviet propaganda.

'Follow Our Example'

Since 1958, when the Soviet propaganda drive in Africa was accelerated, its message has been simple: "Before our revolution we too were backward, oppressed, and exploited. Now we fire rockets at Venus. Follow our socialist example: reject imperialism; abandon colonialism; and you too will be powerful." To a continent yearning for self-respect and self-confidence, this is an appealing message. The professor and his new institute are in the forefront of their country's campaign to popularize it.

The Institute of Africa opened late in 1960. Housed in the former Hungarian embassy, a pre-revolutionary building on Starokonushenyi Pereulok (Old Stable Street), Moscow's pastel-colored Embassy Row, it has not yet begun to dig into the history, culture, and languages of Africa. Crates of books still have to be unpacked. The library catalogue is unfinished. Young girls carrying magazines dash excitedly through corridors that have been repainted and redecorated with pictures of muscle-bound Africans—enough to show the institute's overriding interest but not enough to make it all seem like propaganda.

The institute is the fourth concentration of Africanists in the Soviet Union. The first opened in 1945 under the leadership of Professor Olderogge (one of the Big Three of Soviet Africanism, along with Professors Potekhin and Datlin) as a Department for African Studies under the Institute of Ethnography in Leningrad. The second, founded early in 1950, was a similar department under the Institute of Orientology. The third, opened in 1958, is a "small group" of scholars at the Moscow Institute of World Economics and International Relations. "There are no others," Professor Potekhin added.

Thus, contrary to some western reports, Russia does not have twenty African institutes. Moreover, there are apparently not many Russians who know the languages of sub-Saharan Africa. "Very few," was Professor Potekhin's assessment, though he promised that "In two or three years, everyone on our staff will be able to speak at least one African language."

"How many members of your staff speak an African language now?"

"Well, several speak Arabic."

"Yes, but what about sub-Saharan languages?"

"One speaks Swahili [that later proved to be Professor Potekhin himself] and another speaks the language of Madagascar."

Professor Potekhin was asked why Russia appeared to have such a "beginner's look" about its study of Africa and the African languages.

"Our country never had any colonies in Africa," Professor Potekhin tried to explain, "and thus we never studied Africa very much. In England and France, the study of Africa was prompted by the need to rule effectively. The United States has many institutes for African studies because its monopolies have invested so much money there. But our interest is recent and selfless and has led to the broadening of African studies in our country."

Professor Potekhin spoke with confidence as he cited the two major reasons for the founding of the institute. "First, as you know," he began, puffing on his pipe, "there have been many important developments in Africa in recent times. Just last year alone, sixteen nations were born. The Soviet people have a colossal interest in what is happening in Africa. They demand more information—in books and magazines. For example, when the state

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of Ghana was proclaimed, no one knew what the name 'Ghana' meant.

"People thought Africa had no history before the imperialists arrived merely because Africa had no written language south of the Sahara. They thought Africa was inhabited by primitive, bloodthirsty savages."

The professor stared angrily at the bust on his bookshelf. "This was the view of Africa propagated by your bourgeois historians. This is not our view. We are going to uncover the truth."

The second reason, he continued, "arises from Africa's current needs. Many new nations have asked us for technical assistance. The Soviet Union never interferes in the internal affairs of other nations; but if we receive a request for technical aid, we try to comply. The Foreign Ministry needs better people for its diplomatic missions, and the Trade Ministry needs better people for its aid program. In many ways, we are in closer touch with the reality of Africa now, and we need specialists."

It is the job of the institute to train small expert cadres, from which the instructors are selected to teach the future diplomats and technicians. This instruction takes place principally at Moscow and Leningrad Universities.

The institute itself is divided into four departments. The Department of African History is clearly the apple of Professor Potekhin's academic eye. "A history of pre-colonial Africa still has not been written. That will be one of our major tasks: to re-establish the truth about Africa—not because we want it, but because we want to help the Africans understand their history better."

"Will this truth be explained in terms of Marxism-Leninism?"

"There is no other truth," Professor Potekhin answered firmly. "And I can assure you that no one working in this institute has any other truth."

He got up from his chair and walked from his desk to the bookshelf, and back again. "There is no other truth, and it is within this framework that we shall write the history of Africa. The falsifiers and the distorters are finished. Their work is over; now the time has come for the only truth."

"Could you give us some example of the distortions, Professor?"

Citing his article in the October, 1960, issue of *Kultura i Zhisn* ("Culture and Life"), called "To Re-establish the Truth About Ancient Africa," Mr. Potekhin said: "In the nineteenth century, the British took some Nigerian bronze sculpture and exhibited it in European and American museums. They tried to prove that the sculpture was inspired by the Portuguese. They couldn't, because the Portuguese never had that kind of sculpture. But this is typical. The British imperialists never wanted to admit that the Africans had their own art masters."

African ABCs

Of the other three departments, one concerns itself with the art, literature, and culture of Africa; another deals with linguistic problems; and the last one stresses current events. The topic under discussion these days is "The Final Liquidation of Colonialism from the African Continent," which, unsurprisingly, was one of Premier Khrushchev's favorite propaganda themes when he visited the General Assembly last fall.

Professor Potekhin reflects the front page of *Pravda* when he discusses "current events" in Africa. In fact, he has contributed handsomely toward the Soviet image of African affairs: exploited against exploiter, liberation against oppression, black against white. Although Professor Potekhin knows that African history is a bit more complicated

than these simplistic Marxist phrases, still he has chosen to propagandize this ABC view of contemporary Africa.

Frequently, ABCs confuse rather than clarify an issue. For example, the Russians found in the recent Security Council debates that anti-colonialism is not enough of an ideological attraction to win a majority of votes, not even from former colonial nations. Many African diplomats, who are as anti-colonialist in fact as Russia says it is in spirit, have made it clear that they would be loath to see either of the world's two giants intrude into their troubled continent. This is one reason why the Soviet resolution, pegged to an attack against colonialism and Dag Hammarksjöld, was soundly defeated.

But this diplomatic defeat was not reported here, where the people are accustomed to hearing only about diplomatic victories. At the same time that the Russian resolution to oust Mr. Hammarskjöld was defeated, the Russian people were told that the world "wanted Hammarskjöld thrown out of the U.N."

Possibly because he realizes the complexities of contemporary Africa, Professor Potekhin is preoccupied these days with exchangemanship. He would like to attract Africa's few Africanists to work in his institute, and he is encouraging his staff to travel to Africa. "Now that colonialism is decaying and new states are springing up," he said, "we can travel there. Many of our scientists have already been to Africa. I made another trip myself last April. The more exchanges, the better."

"What about Africans living here?"

"There are no Africans working here now, but we would like to have several of them join our staff permanently. But so far we do not have any."

"Have you any hopes?"

"Yes. Soon, I hope, we will have Africans working here."

"How soon?"

Professor Potekhin did not answer this question immediately. He seemed to be in a reverie. Again he stared at the bust on his bookshelf. "In 1962," he said very slowly, "an international congress of Africanists will be held somewhere in Africa. We are hoping that at that congress we will be able to establish closer contacts with African scientists. Maybe some of them will decide to come here at that time. At least, we hope so."

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Bloomsday in Italy

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

FLORENCE

ALMOST FOUR DECADES after the original publication of James Joyce's *Ulysses,* Stephen Dedalus, Leopold Bloom, and Molly are now ruminating, eructating, and contemplating in the language of Dante. Translated over a period of more than five years by a young Florentine named Giulio de Angelis, the recently published version strikes me as a formidable effort at squaring the circle. Obviously, when prose narrative approaches the conditions of poetry, as it does in Joyce—that is, when the expression is itself in great part the subject—a work can be fully appreciated only in the original. Yet *Ulysses* has been rendered, with varying success, into several European tongues—German, Spanish, Danish, and, of course, the famous French version supervised by the master himself. An Italian version was inevitable; at the same time, its tardy appearance is another instance of the provincialism that plagues this lovely peninsula. Italian culture bore the standard for all Europe during the Renaissance, but for the most part it has followed in the track of the European avant-garde in modern times,

The long delay in the Italian translation is somewhat surprising, however, in view of Joyce's lifelong Italophilia, his ten years' residence in Trieste (where both his children were born and where his brother Stanislaus was a university professor most of his life), and the fact that Italian was the chosen language of the Joyce household.

According to Mario Praz, the eminent scholar of English literature at the University of Rome, Joyce himself tried translating *Ulysses* into Italian, with unhappy results. The fragment was "terribly artificial and unconvincing, since the greater rigidity of the Italian linguistic nexus did not permit of that elasticity and ample possibility of linguistic ambiguity afforded by the English language." Although several episodes of *Ulysses* were translated by Carlo Linati in 1931 and 1936 and by Alberto Rossi in 1949, the full job was left to an English teacher in a secondary commercial school.

DE ANGELIS, now thirty-five, is not a professional writer and had never published anything before this phenomenal translation. His lack of status may help to explain the standoffish treatment he has received from some critics (and his publisher), who persist in referring to him as *"uno sconosciuto fiorentino"*—an unknown Florentine—or fail to mention his name at all, reserving their praise for the team of professors of English literature—Glauco Cambon, Carlo Izzo, and Giorgio Melchiori—who served as consultants.

"I first became interested in *Ulysses* as an interesting text written in a sort of dead language," de Angelis told me. "Dead language?" I asked. "Oh, all modern languages are dead. The only live languages are Latin and Greek." A classics scholar, deeply immersed in French and English literature as well (he wrote his thesis on certain linguistic aspects of De Quincey), de Angelis postponed our first interview in order to rush down to Rome to hear a Wagnerian opera sung—*grazie a Dio!*—in German. Indeed, to him musical form is the clue to much of Joyce, and he has prepared a sort of thematic analysis of each of the eighteen parts of Joyce's epic of the anti-hero.

But for all this formalistic approach, de Angelis is well aware of the non-linguistic significance of *Ulysses.* He reads Joyce's book as a heretic Irishman's attack against all the established institutions: the Church, the British Empire, the language of the British. "Joyce is a priest with his frock reversed. Hence his sly [he used a harsher term] humor, his cult of mystification, his *massoneria.* The book is a great cryptogram. Like Schönberg and Stravinsky in music, like Picasso in painting, Joyce represents in literature the absorption of traditional materials of the past in order to destroy them, fitting their fragments into a new pastiche. *Ulysses* is an Irishman's major assault against the English language. In *Finnegans Wake,* he buries English altogether. . . ."

All this was fired at me in rapid, melodic Italian, spiced with a sprinkling of meticulously pronounced English words, in the translator's book-lined apartment across the street from Michelangelo's "David." With the exception of two weeks in London, de Angelis has never resided in an English-speaking country. Yet this Florentine is quite capable of digging through seventeen volumes of the works of Swinburne to track down a quote in *Ulysses,* and to note, as he did gleefully to me, the small variations Joyce had made.

HAVING UNDERTAKEN the translation simply to please himself, after working on it almost as long as Joyce did on the original, de Angelis was persuaded by a friend to submit his work to the publisher Mondadori. The manuscript, more than a foot high, was examined by the poet Eugenio Montale, who pronounced it "sufficiently valid" and committed himself "to re-examine the more scabrous linguistic passages."

Montale soon pulled out and the three professors of English—Cambon, Izzo, and Melchiori—were called in to effect what we would call revisions but which Mondadori's more exuberant press department terms "lexicographical alchemy." All this was done under the supervision of Giacomo Debenedetti, who is editing the complete works of Joyce for Mondadori, including, it is promised, *Finnegans Wake.*

Meanwhile, de Angelis has sold his translation outright for 470,000 lire, somewhat less than eight hundred dollars. Now, six months after publication, *Ulysses* has sold almost a hundred thousand copies, but the man who made this phenomenal sale possible gets not a lira. But he says he doesn't care: he has quarreled with his publisher and refuses

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to accept responsibility for more than two-thirds of the printed text. "Poor fellow!" Professor Izzo exclaimed. "De Angelis has been treated very badly. Recently, Mondadori organized a conference on *Ulysses* and invited me but failed to invite the translator." De Angelis is still as before, outside the intricate circles, salons, and intermeshed groupings that make up Italian literary life.

Unlike the teamwork of the French translation, described in Richard Ellmann's monumental biography of Joyce, the Italians worked for the most part independently of each other. Izzo told me that after he had reworked about fifty pages of the de Angelis manuscript, he shipped it on to Cambon, who did the same, and finally the entire text was revised by Melchiori. De Angelis met several times with Izzo and Cambon, but many changes were made, the translator asserts, without his being consulted at all, and the book was finally published without his seeing the proofs. Moreover, a Roman critic with the improbable name of J. Rodolfo Wilcock, a transplanted Argentine, has now been engaged to revise the entire text, a choice that may help explain Wilcock's failure even to mention the translator in the review he wrote for *Il Mondo*, although the publisher was praised lavishly for making so important a work available to the Italian public. De Angelis is considering filing suit on the ground that no publisher has the right to undertake an infinite series of revisions of an author's work, even if the work has been sold outright.

THE POPULAR success of *Ulysses* puzzles everybody, including the publisher, who exulted in a newsletter that the book was outselling *Lolita* and that the first printing had been *"bruciata"*—"burnt out"—in three days. But according to the philo-Communist *Paese Sera*, although people who haven't bought books for years ran to buy *Ulysses* "as if they lacked bread," their curiosity having been goaded by "the almost mythic fame of the book, the clamor of the press, and the expectation of blasphemous or prurient content with seven seals," buyers felt cheated and are now running back to the booksellers trying to exchange *Ulysses* for more accessible romances, all of which leads the editorialist to deplore the enormous gap that renders Italy "The Paradise of the Rich" and "The Inferno of the Poor."

"Certain capers of the Italian made us dizzy!" exclaimed Angela Giannitrapanni in *Telesera*. "It's like being at the edge of an abyss, the abyss of Joyce." Yet, "after the shock of our first encounter with *Ulysses*, we also recognize as valid its moral and artistic lesson, adhering in full to its life and truth, and"—concludes the lady critic with gently plagiarized ecstasy—"Yes we say Yes."

Other critics pointed out that Joyce inherited a language and belongs to a poetic tradition that makes possible masterpieces like *Alice in Wonderland;* but they doubted whether such grammatical freedom would ever be permissible in Italian. Enrico Falqui, for example, writing in *Il Tempo,* bewailed the fact that ". . . the provocative Joycean example comes just in time to produce among the latest literary recruits new mischief in the already so troubled field of Italian narrative." The word Falqui uses for "narrative" is *"periodare,"* literally the building of sentences, and reveals a typical preoccupation with the formalities of rhetoric. Another influential critic, Carlo Bo, writing in *L'Europeo,* wondered whether the publication of *Ulysses* would be a delayed bomb explosion in Italian literature or whether it would be received calmly as a reprinted classic.

PERHAPS the most antagonistic review was that by Giorgio Zampa in the *Corriere della Sera*. He objected to the translation on the ground that "Italian vocalism, the sharp sonorous distinct character of our language, is ill adapted to render the fluidity, rapidity, and looseness of the interminable monologues of the novel." Zampa was also concerned, as not infrequently happens here, about the question of regional dialects: "On a Florentine base, Roman and Milanese dialects alternate within a few lines of each other in the same monologue, without justification or apparent coherence."

"Of course I used Florentine colloquialisms!" de Angelis exploded. "Which Italian city is like Dublin, a capital and yet provincial? Firenze. Which Italians, like the Irish, are known for their cruel wit, their litigiousness, their bellicosity, their speaking badly of others, their intelligence? The Florentines. So I used a base of Florentine expressions, interspersing this with a rather plentiful use of Roman dialect because that is the most widely diffused of all the dialects."

Thus, Joyce writes:

"I was just passing the time of day with old Troy of the D.M.P. at the corner of Arbour hill there and be damned but a bloody sweep came along and he near drove his gear into my eye. I turned around to let him have the weight of my tongue when who should I see dodging along Stony Batter only Joe Hynes.

"—Lo, Joe, says I. How are you blowing? Did you see that bloody chimneysweep near shove my eye out with his brush?"

We get this in the Italian version:

"Stavo facendo quattro chiacchiere col vecchio Troy della Polizia Metropolitana all'angolo di Arbour

STATELY, plump Buck Mulligan came from the stairhead, bearing a bowl of lather on which a mirror and a razor lay crossed. A yellow dressing gown, ungirdled, was sustained gently behind him by the mild morning air. He held the bowl aloft and intoned:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Halted, he peered down the dark winding stairs and called up coarsely:

—Come up, Kinch. Come up, you fearful jesuit.

SOLENNE, paffuto Buck Mulligan comparve dall'alto delle scale, portando un bacile di schiuma su cui erano posati in croce uno specchio e un rasoio. Una vestaglia gialla, discinta, gli era sorretta delicatamente sul dietro dalla mite aria mattutina. Levò alto il bacile e intonò:

—Introibo ad altare Dei.

Fermatosi, scrutò la buia scala a chiocciola e chiamò berciando:

—Vieni su, Kinch. Vieni su, pauroso gesuita.

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Hill e mi venga un accidente se non mi arriva un fottuto spazzacamino e per poco non mi cacciava il suo arnese in un occhio. Mi volto di botto per fargli vedere se mi puzzava il fiato o no quando chi ti vedo a bighellonare dalle parti di Stony Batter? Hynes, Joe Hynes in persona.

"—Toh, Joe, gli fo. Cosa si fa di bello? Che l'hai visto quello spazzacamino fottuto che per poco non mi cavava un occhio con la sua granata?"

Rereading a work that I have known in the original always gives me the curious effect of a double exposure. But I'm inclined to think that Joyce's comic genius would have been delighted by the ingeniousness of de Angelis's efforts to make shamrocks grow in Tuscany: "having four little chats" for "passing the time of day," and "to let him see if my breath stinks" for "to let him have the weight of my tongue."

SEVERAL of the most appreciative reviews appeared in the left-wing press. The Left, of course, seized upon the book as a weapon against conformism. Thus, Nemi d'Agostino in *Libri Paese Sera* declares that *Ulysses* "can serve as therapy against our various household infections such as Fascism, nationalism, racism, clericalism, the monopoly of truth, the mania of censorship, and the rhetoric of big words which make us so unhappy." Yet the same review was characterized by an extremely sensitive appreciation of the artistic qualities of Joyce's masterpiece.

De Angelis told me, with a smile, that he had heard that the Communist Central Committee devoted an entire session to a discussion of *Ulysses*, the main report being made by Mario Alicata, the party's cultural panjandrum. "Of course, in accordance with their mechanical notions, the Communists first made the necessary disclaimers that *Ulysses* is a work of decadent literature. But then I understand they devoted some careful analysis to it."

As an oblique contribution to the debate about censorship here, *Il Paese* published in full Judge Woolsey's 1933 decision which allowed *Ulysses* to be sold in the United States. The issue of the writer's "engagement," so familiar to Europeans through French polemics, was adroitly dealt with by Umberto Eco in *Avanti!*: "*Ulysses* is the world reduced to *linguaggio* [linguistics], reality reduced to a *flatus vocis*. In this sense, truly, Joyce remains the priest of the imagination pent up in his ivory tower, the major exponent of European decadentism. But the grandeur of his genius surpasses the conditions of the culture which generated it." As Marx said of Balzac, so Eco argues that Joyce, isolated in his personal dream, has succeeded in seeing more deeply into the condition of modern man than many so-called *impegnati* (committed people) who waste themselves in external commitments. To this Socialist critic, Balzac and Joyce are ". . . those rare miraculous cases in which isolation is justified *a posteriori* (never *a priori*) because it leads to a greater comprehension of reality."

I doubt that it is within the competence of anyone like myself, to whom Italian is an acquired rather than native tongue, to pass final judgment on the Italian version. When I asked Richard Ellmann, who recently lectured in Florence, what he though of the Mondadori edition, he also indicated that he didn't feel qualified to judge. "All translators of *Ulysses* speak badly of each other," Ellmann said. "The Danish translator recently complained to me about the French version." De Angelis, too, has found errors in the famous French translation. "They didn't even know that 'lousy Lucy' was a reference to Sir Thomas Lucy, on whose lands Shakespeare poached, not to a girl." I tried to make sure that de Angelis was introduced to Ellmann; but when I looked around for him after the lecture, the young Italian had already departed—probably out of shyness, a crippling literary disease in a society of salon jumpers.

Although the Italian text can undoubtedly be improved, even a foreigner with half an ear cannot fail to recognize the stupendous alliterative reproduction of: ". . . Within womb won he worship. What in that one case done commodiously done was." In the Italian: "Nel ventre venne venerato. Ciò che acconcio cadde in tal caso fu acconciamente fatto."

De Angelis is especially distressed about changes made in his original text of the "Oxen of the Sun" episode, where Joyce parodies the evolution of English style from Anglo-Saxon to Cockney and Bowery slang. The evolution of Italian prose is neither as rapid in its changes nor as radical in its flexibility as English; throughout this episode de Angelis had to work hard to get rhythmical and stylistic equivalents, and he is irritated at the academicism that hobbled his inventions.

Where Joyce had indulged in the mock archaicism of: "And in the castle was set a board that was of birchwood of Finlandy and it was upheld by four dwarfmen of that country but they durst not move more for enchantment . . . ," de Angelis concocted an almost exact equivalent of this Mandeville style in the manner of Marco Polo: "E nel palagio hae una tavola che èe di legno di betulla di Finlandia et èe sostenuta da quattro piccioli uomeni di quelle contrade ma non osano muoversi per una fatagione . . ."

In the Mondadori edition, all this spoofed archaicism is replaced by "correct" Italian: "E nel maniero era apparecchiata una tavola di legno . . . ," etc., etc.

Other cuts and emendations of de Angelis's original text suggest that in some cases, factors other than literary were involved. For instance, where Joyce writes: *"Putanna madonna . . . ."* we find: *"Per la madonna . . ."* Since Joyce's vulgarism was originally written in Italian, no problem of translation was involved.

ALTHOUGH de Angelis considers the Homeric paralleling of *Ulysses* as only a game for pedants, or an organizing principle that Joyce used to contain the overflowing of his material, the Italian translator seemed nonetheless seized with a kind of etymological fervor when he spoke of several discoveries that he claims to have made. "Did you know that Bloom's cat is one of the few explicit references to Homer?" he said to me one day. "Look here," and he pointed to the text with a long quivering finger: "First the cat says 'Mkgnao!,' then later, 'Mrkgnao!,' then the third time, 'Mrkrgnao!' Now why do you suppose Joyce spelled the cat's meow differently each time?"

"Because he had an uncanny ear,"

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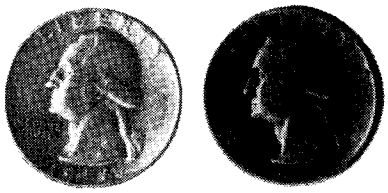

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I replied, "and was unsatisfied with the traditional English spelling. He was trying to reproduce the exact sound of the cat."

"No! No!" de Angelis said triumphantly. "Joyce did nothing by accident. Notice that the first time it's spelled with Mk, the second with Mrk, the third with Mrkr. . . . That's the Greek spelling of Mercury. The cat is Mercury. The winding tail is the god's staff, the caduceus."

IT WILL BE interesting to see what effect the publication of *Ulysses* will have on Italian narrative writing during the next decade. In literature, as in gastronomy, Italians are reluctant to accept foreign innovations. The thought of bending, twisting, deforming, and remaking the written language sends most Italian intellectuals into a dither. Neologisms are abhorred and avoided as one of the seven deadly sins. No matter how scabrous may be the subject, the normal tendency of the Italian writer is to express himself in correct formal Italian.

Professor Izzo, a Venetian who lectures on American literature at the University of Bologna, doubts that the publication of *Ulysses* will shake up the tradition here. Italy, he told me, has no worthwhile writers because they are all frozen. "The problem in our literature is the eternal gap between the written and the spoken tongues. That's why only when the dialects are employed do we get a sense of a living language." De Angelis, however, scoffed at all this fuss about dialects.

But even leaving style aside, I doubt that Joyce's brand of exacerbated naturalism will deeply affect the substance of Italian narrative art. For although in his everyday life the Italian is realistic and open-eyed, in art his tendency is to embellish, to refine, to polish. The moment one crosses the Alps, the difference is manifest. A Dürer Madonna, with every wrinkle and wart and bulge meticulously painted, is sickening to the Mediterranean mind.

Joyce's masterpiece is in many ways a literary analogue to German and Flemish realism and Gothic grotesquerie. And there is yet to be found a true example of Gothic art in this country.

The Making of a Martyr

MEDARO RODRIGUEZ

MEXICO CITY

LIKE the rest of the inmates, prisoner No. 46-788-60 has to wake up at five o'clock for the morning inspection. He is then returned to cell No. 38 in the first section of the Cárcel Preventiva de Lecumberri. His five-by-nine-foot cell is equipped with a small iron bed, a table, a washbasin, and a toilet; but it is decorated with paintings worth a fortune. Denied the right of habeas corpus, prisoner No. 46-788-60 has been an embarrassment to the Mexican government ever since he was arrested last summer.

August 9, 1960, was a stormy day in Mexico City. A teacher-student riot was subdued only after some tough police repression—the adjective "tough" being used here as a substitute for figures on the wounded and killed, which were not given by the police. At three o'clock in the afternoon, David Alfaro Siqueiros, the famous muralist whom many critics consider one of the greatest living painters, was driving his wife to 29 Calle Tres Picos. Three black cars were parked by his home. The foxy old man, seeing several policemen inside the cars, stepped on the accelerator, swerved sharply to avoid one of the cars, and managed to escape under a spray of bullets. But his freedom did not last long. That same evening, at eleven-thirty, the police forcibly entered the residence of Dr. Alvar Carrillo, a well-known art collector, and, beating up one of his employees, found their way to Siqueiros. According to Dr. Carrillo's version of the incident, one of the policemen pointed a gun at Siqueiros's stomach and said to him: "We don't have a warrant for your arrest but we have orders from very high up." The painter's friends have claimed that no charge was given in the arrest.

When public pressure, national and international, began to mount, Siqueiros was charged with carrying a concealed weapon, with assault, and with "social dissolution." Dr. Carrillo later testified that Siqueiros was unarmed and had offered no resistance to the police. "Social dissolution" is specified in Article 145 of the Mexican Penal Code: ". . . those who either by talking or writing or by any other means . . . advocate ideas, programs or actions . . . that will disturb the public peace or will affect the sovereignty of Mexico . . . will be liable to a prison term of from two to six years." Article 145, which in all its extensive enunciation wanders back and forth across the borderline of a conventional conception of civil rights, was included in the Penal Code during the Second World War, for the purpose of jailing Nazis. But it is no secret that it has been increasingly used against organized labor.

BORN on December 29, 1896, in the hard, arid state of Chihuahua, a land known for its deserts and bandits, Siqueiros grew up with the Mexican Revolution. Before he was fifteen he was involved in the violent student riots of 1911. During the next two years, when he was not hiding from the police he was to be found wherever there was shooting. In 1913 he joined the revolutionary army. When the worst of the massacre was over, Captain Siqueiros founded, with some of his colleagues, *El Machete*, a publication that was to have great influence in both the Mexican and the Latin-American labor movements: art and revolution then seemed to be walking hand in hand.

With energy to spare, Siqueiros continued to be an artist, a labor leader, and a revolutionary. Together with Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco, he originated the current of the Mexican murals. At the same time he headed several unions and in 1929 represented Mexico at the first meeting of the Confederation of Latin-American Workers, held in Montevideo. He was already a member of the Communist Party, and everything, his art included, was put at the service of Communism.

In 1936 Siqueiros joined the Spanish Republican Army and com-

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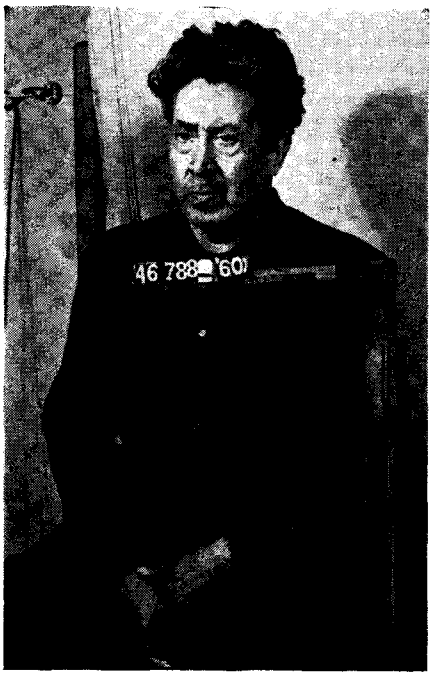
manded the Eighty-Second and Forty-Sixth Brigades and the Twenty-Ninth Division. At the end of the war he came back home with the nickname "The Big Colonel," leading fifty-two exhausted and disillusioned Mexican survivors. Soon he had to leave his motherland again, this time to avoid the trial of Trotsky's assassin. Wherever he went—Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Los Angeles, New York—he continued to paint.

THOSE who admired the painter shied away from the radical politician, and many of his friends became enemies. But Siqueiros continued to grow with his paintings. During 1944-1946 he painted two murals, "Nueva Democracia" and "Víctimas de la Guerra," both acclaimed by the critics. He produced another mural, this time over an aluminum surface, and then his famous sculptural mural at the University of Mexico—three hundred square meters of cement figures covered with tile.

In 1959 he was commissioned to paint a mural for the Jorge Negrete Theater. He depicted the government's repressive measures against striking railroad workers. Always sensitive to criticism, the government ordered that the mural be covered with a wooden wall. "Since they can't jail me, they jail my art," said Siqueiros. But by then his influence among Mexican intellectuals was restricted to his art, and even in this field a number of important young painters who were developing new styles had already made it clear that they did not want to be committed to a leader who was enslaved to political art. Furthermore, the Communist Party was not using the old fighter as much as in the past: it was all right to keep him as a prestige item, but for the new jobs to be done, the Guevaras and Castros were more useful.

Then suddenly he launched a bitter attack on the three subjects that are taboo in Mexico: the revolution, the agrarian reform, and the president. Siqueiros bitterly denounced the paths taken by the revolution and the agrarian reform, specifically blaming the president for these two evils. "The government, presided over by Adolfo López Mateos, represents the lowest stage . . . of a con-



tinuous process toward anti-revolution. The president has such power that he could be called the emperor. In Mexico, the congress is actually nonexistent. It is just a deaf-mute organism . . ." This was typical of the tone he adopted in several lectures in Venezuela, just before the visit of López Mateos to that country. Soon after, Siqueiros was arrested. Comparing this sequence with the policeman's "We have orders from very high up," many Mexicans felt that the order might have originated at the very top. But most people now attribute Siqueiros's arrest to the zeal of a subordinate wishing to ingratiate himself.

WHOEVER gave the order, it is now obvious that the prison gates had not even closed on the old painter before the government officials realized that they had a hot case on their hands. They hesitated. The fish was too big to be simply thrown back without attracting attention. Then a second mistake was made. In order to retreat from an uncomfortable situation and at the same time save face, an apology was sought. As might have been predicted, Siqueiros would not yield.

The negotiations took time, the legal process dragged on, and the old revolutionary, suffering from arthritis, has remained in jail without a trial. It is scheduled to take place next month, but in many ways the prosecution has already lost its case.

So far, the only winner has been the Communist Party, to which Siqueiros has proved to be more useful in jail than free.

Wild Bill's Last Date

NAT HENTOFF

IN JULY, 1957, about a year before he died of lung cancer, Big Bill Broonzy summarized his life as a blues singer, guitarist, and composer for several hours in a Chicago recording studio. The project was initiated and financed by a Cleveland disc jockey, Bill Randle, partly as an act of penance. Randle, a sociologist by training, had been devoting most of his time in recent years to a successful if not altogether satisfying career catering to and often molding teenagers' tastes in popular music. After participating in a mawkish album in "tribute" to James Dean, the disc jockey decided to invest some of his gains in a more durable undertaking. Randle's royalties from this album will go to the Broonzy estate. Randle himself has since abandoned the microphone for teaching.

The long summer night in the studio was to be Bill Broonzy's last session. Five albums have been edited from Broonzy's reminiscences into *The Bill Broonzy Story* (Verve MG V-3000-5, $24.90). The package includes useful notes by Randle on the history and nature of the blues as well as complete texts of the songs.

Born in Mississippi in 1893, Broonzy was raised on an Arkansas farm as one of seventeen children, and settled in Chicago in 1920. In addition to sharecropping, Broonzy worked as a miner, preacher, laborer in yard gangs and section gangs on the railroad, and grocery clerk, among other jobs. Gradually, like a number of other Southern-born

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Negroes with musical talent, Broonzy made an easier life for himself as a professional entertainer. Beginning in the 1920's, he recorded extensively. After the war, during a period when there was no great demand for his way of telling the blues, Broonzy became a janitor at Iowa State College. In the last years of his life, however, Broonzy benefited from an awakening interest by white audiences in blues as "art music," and he toured as a concert performer with fair success, especially in Europe.

As Broonzy points out in one of the stretches of informal, thoroughly unsentimental spoken autobiography in these albums, he had lost the Negro audience some time ago. ("They don't want to go into the past. They want to go into the future. Well, I came here in the past . . . so I'm still just the same way I always was.")

BROONZY was justly proud of his work and the truth it told about the feelings of Negroes in the first migrations to the North and of those who remained behind. He began his 1934 "WPA Rag" with an adaptation of an old holler sung by work gangs on Southern levees: "Oh I feel like hollering but the town is too small." In 1945, Broonzy wrote "Black, Brown and White." No American company would accept it, and Broonzy finally recorded the song in France six years later. ("Now if you's white, you's all right/ If you's brown, stick around/ But if you black/ Oh, Brother, git back, git back, git back.")

But the mood on these five records is not notably bitter, and the set contains some of Broonzy's most tender singing. It took him several years to establish a style of his own; and he became most effective not as a shouter but as a lyrical (though ironic) singer who was usually more subtle in his shadings and in the range of emotions he could communicate than most of the Negro blues bards. In this collection, Broonzy went back to the religious and work music of his childhood and adolescence; remembered several of the most characteristic city blues, including a number of his own; and reinterpreted some of the best work of such friends as Big Maceo, Richard Jones, and Leadbelly ("He's dead . . . he's dead too . . . and he's dead . . . but I don't want these *songs* to die"). There are also a few examples of Broonzy's light-hearted and very personal interpretations of ordinary pop songs such as "Glory of Love" ("I can curve it just like I curve the blues").

Broonzy himself describes the background of the songs with his evocative guitar as a second voice. He tells, for example, of the "man catchers" who recruited work gangs in the South and, as is still the practice among migrant agricultural workers, often changed the terms once the men were in camp. Throughout, the listener is aware of Broonzy's endless fascination with the multiplicity of stories the simple blues form could hold: "Now you can take a chair, a box, an ax, a knife—anything—and you can start writing a blues from it." But Broonzy was also certain that the blues couldn't be taught. It had to come from a way of life and a way of looking at that life.

UNDERLYING all the talk and the music were Big Bill Broonzy's pride and pleasure in the profession to which he had contributed so much. At the end of his autobiography, *Big Bill Blues* (Grove Press), he sketched out his own epitaph: "But when you write about me, please don't say I'm a jazz musician. Don't say I'm a musician or a guitar player—just write Big Bill was a well-known blues singer and player . . . he was a happy man when he was drunk and playing with women; he was liked by all the blues singers, some would get a little jealous sometimes but Bill would buy a bottle of whiskey and they all would start laughing and playing again; Big Bill would get drunk and slip off from the party and go home to sleep."

Just Looking

MARYA MANNES

WHEN I read Morris West's *The Devil's Advocate* a year ago, it seemed to me one of the very best novels of the decade. Out of it, Dore Schary has constructed, produced, and directed a play that is one of the best of this poor season and could certainly adorn a good one. It is the story of a British priest, dying of cancer, who is given his last assignment by Rome: the investigation in Calabria of a reputed saint, the acquiring of evidence of his sanctity, or lack of it, on which Rome can make a final decision. In his confrontation with all the people in this poor little village who knew Giacomo Nerone, the English partisan killed by Communists during the war, Monsignor Meredith not only perceives the outlines of Nerone's sanctity but discovers, as he dies, his own humanity. It is a parable of faith in man and faith in God given flesh by that large Catholicism which flowers in Europe but shrinks to militance and orthodoxy in America. Schary has managed in most instances, moreover, to preserve the lovely literacy, the precision and dignity of dialogue, that distinguished the novel.

So, indeed, have most of the actors, from Leo Genn as Monsignor Meredith to Eduardo Ciannelli as the Bishop of Valenta; from Sam Levene, moving as the Jewish Dr. Meyer, to Boris Tumarin as the Roman Cardinal. I must confess, however, that until the very end, Leo Genn did not convince me of the spiritual and physical torture eating away at the heart of the reserved, remote, and analytical English cleric. Not only did the richness of his voice and robustness of his mien make it hard to imagine his terminal sickness; the very ease and skill of his performance belied it. Yet at the end he took you with him; and his final release, in the arms of Dr. Meyer, had the breadth of real tragedy.

A more serious weakness, I

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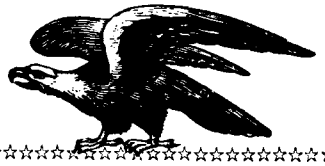

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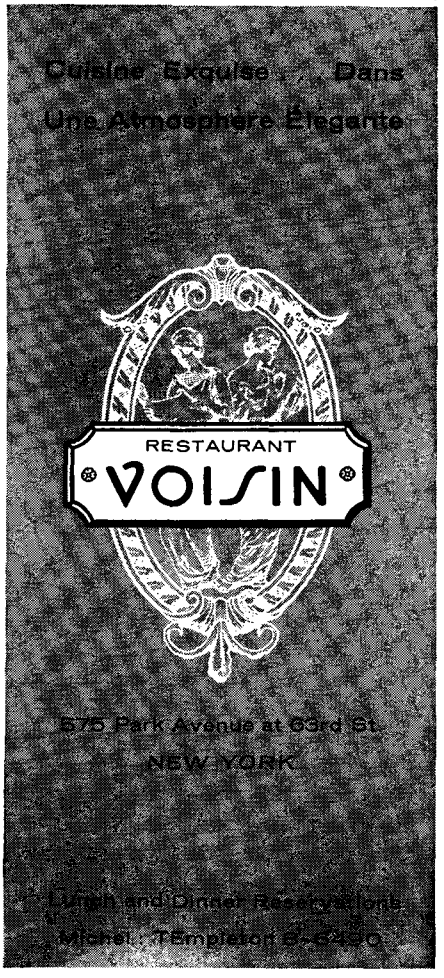

thought, lay in the choice of Edward Mulhare as the "saint," resurrected throughout the play in a series of flashbacks as the Monsignor hears tell of him. Good actor as Mr. Mulhare is, he could not—to me, at least—convey the passion of his revelation or the reason of his passion. It seemed outside him rather than within him; his very elegance of physique and diction worked against him. It is possibly as hard to convey the quality of sanctity on the stage as the quality of genius. Yet the play would have reached one more dimension if Nerone had burned with this flame.

IT IS THIS KIND of central weakness, in quite another form, that harms *Big Fish, Little Fish,* an otherwise engrossing theatrical experience. The pivot of Hugh Wheeler's play is a man called William Baker, ex-teacher, sometime writer, and chronic befriender of human failures on the fringe of the arts. Seldom has a stage been filled with a more original, astonishing, and sharply seen collection of eccentrics, acted with subtle brilliance by a superb cast. Hume Cronyn as the desperately loving, waspish, effeminate friend is alone worth the ticket. In a part that could easily become tasteless caricature or a neurotic set piece, Cronyn is often funny and often moving, never absurd. No young literary heel on the make was better limned than by George Grizzard, Martin Gabel does a major job as a minor publisher, Ruth White is flawless as the blurred suburban housewife who has "sex and friendship" with William, and even the small parts are played to the hilt. Neither the career girl, Hilda, nor the Swiss publisher, Stumpfig, has much to do with the plot, but Elizabeth Wilson should give many New Yorkers reminiscent shudders, and George Voskovec is so magnificently obtuse and Swiss that it hurts.

Add to this orchestra a first-class conductor, Sir John Gielgud; a soloist of real stature, Jason Robards, Jr., as the pivot; and a score of exceptional sensitivity and bite—and what goes wrong?

The theme is valid enough: that although all the little fish seem to live on the big fish, the big fish seems unable to live without them. William, the victim, is also sustained by his parasites.

The trouble, I am sure, lies in the character of William. Mr. Wheeler has not seen the big fish for the little ones, and the play provides no solid clue as to why William is as he is, why he surrounds himself with such people, and why he is able, at last, to break away from them, or appear to. I have met these other people. But I have never met William. I do not really believe in him. And since he is the reason for the play, the loss is serious.

Yet I would infinitely rather swim in Mr. Wheeler's aquarium for an evening than sit in the play pen of the new comedy hit *Mary, Mary.* I approached this with exhilaration, for I admire Jean Kerr immensely, not only for her happy gift of wit but for the natural humor that springs from her humanity. But as the evening went brightly and smoothly on, I found myself laughing not at situations, not with people, but at wisecracks. They burst like flak all over the stage all the time. They came out of everyone's mouths in every speech. They had an independent life, suspended in air. And they were funny.

But the people who spoke them had no real life. The young McKellaways, near divorce and then rediscovering their love, are magazine fiction, given only a slight twist toward reality by Mrs. Kerr's verbal ingenuities. The "other girl" simply does not exist beyond her health-faddism. Only the screen star is not a cliché because Mrs. Kerr has endowed him with intelligence as well as charm, and Michael Rennie handsomely abets her.

I can understand why it is a hit. Barbara Bel Geddes is a most beguiling actress, Barry Nelson makes a good foil, and the show demands nothing of its audience beyond the capacity to field the playwright's quips as fast as she bats them out.

THE BROADWAY SEASON, then, is on the whole ending much better than it began. In reviewing some of my own reactions, I still find *A Taste of Honey* near the top of the list and I have uneasy feelings that I did not pay *Becket* the homage it deserves. The fault, it would seem, lies less with Anouilh

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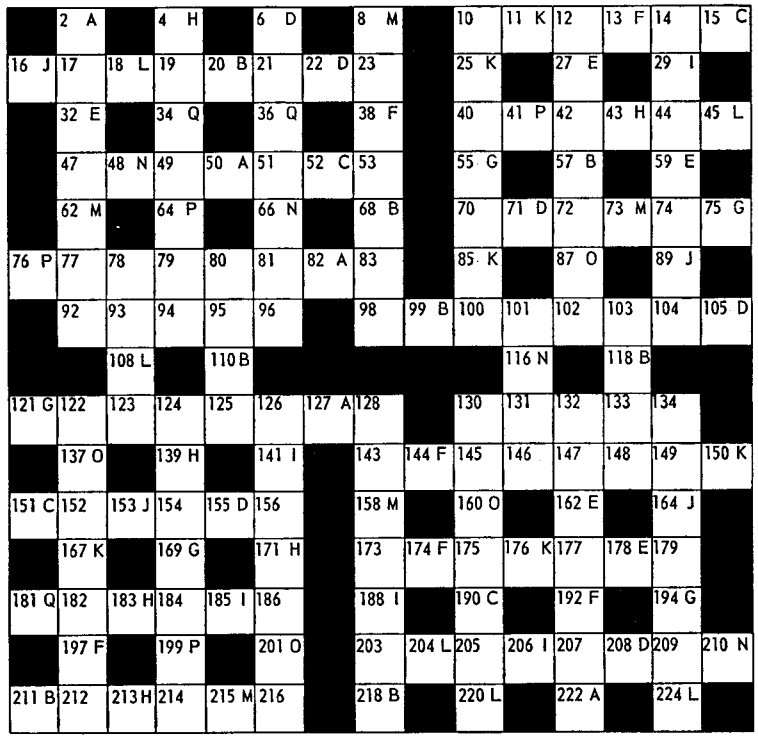
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 30

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A. 222 82 50 127 2
"Rightly to be great/Is not to stir without great argument,/But greatly to find quarrel in a _____ /When honour's at the stake." Shakespeare, Hamlet.

B. 110 211 57 68 118 99 20 218
The Acrostician has been so described.

C. 151 52 190 15 Of law, when of Court.

D. 208 6 22 105 155 71
"Heart and soul do sing in me,/Just_____ all music makes." Sir Philip Sidney, "To the Tune of a Spanish Song."

E. 162 32 178 27 59
A pamphlet, an expanse not definitely bounded.

F. 192 197 144 13 38 174
"The _____ pines while the oppressor Feeds." Shakespeare, The Rape of Lucrece.

G. 75 55 194 169 121
"Man is God's image; but a poor man is Christ's _____ to boot." Herbert, "The Church Porch.

H. 213 43 4 183 171 139
"I'm now no more than a mere _____ in my own house." Goldsmith, The Good-Natured Man.

I. 29 141 206 185 188
Wine cask holding about 10 gallons.

J. 153 89 16 164 Sale of coals from a colliery.

K. 11 25 150 85 167 176
A new shoot from the root of sugar cane.

L. 204 18 224 108 220 45
Uttered from an undertone; hinted.

M. 158 73 215 8 62
"See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,/Suck my last breath, and _____ my flying soul!" Pope, Eloisa to Abelard.

N. 116 48 66 210
To disable by cutting the tendons.

O. 87 137 160 201
"Alas! what boots it with uncessant care/To _____ the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade." Milton, Lycidas.

P. 41 76 199 64
Measures of length, in England equal to 45 inches.

Q. 36 34 181
Union term for a Confederate soldier.

Across

10. With 40, 92, and 98 across, work by which the Acrostician first became known to the American public.
16. Paragon of virtue acted by the King and the Duke.
40. See 10 across.
47. Take a span or nothing. It's high.
70. I'd seal up our highest aspirations.
76. Men of letters take 1.0567 quarts at one time!
92. See 10 across.
98. See 10 across.
121. Take a real trip before the ordeal.
130. Gasps for trousers.
143. Such headgear is a double A pother. (5,3)
151. Turn upside down in Paris green.
173. French pineapples I find with an early Christian Munchausen.
181. May a crooner be a bell or a bell a dean with bees? (3,3)
203. Anne has a trick back, but without her bats, a trinket. (4-4)
211. Eyelets from stiles, I hear.

Down

2. Does the rip show? Adore it.
4. A kind of sport fishing is pronounced "dipsy" when on lead. (4,3)
6. Drink suitable for a Dutch island.
8. Aitch Company is in confusion.
10. The fortification where blind Sebastian is heard.
12. Act Indian but grow together.
14. The lieutenant meant to wear his cape.
78. The Mah-jongg counter is found in until eight o'clock.
80. Without ease, renerve the British "Wavy Navy."
101. Scorch in the French arena.
103. She found pity among alien corn.
122. French Films or paintings?
124. Quake, for the ember gives only a small light.
126. Means the din of a light machine gun.
128. A 1925 treaty ran loco!
130. Retribution a kind of hammer can impose.
132. United, but not as in their League.
134. Famous GI character in a downcast container? (3,4)

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than with me; the fact that so many discerning people found great riches in it while I failed to be involved leads me to believe that an evening's fatigue may have blurred my judgment.

I will stick, however, to my as yet unreported impression that *Rhinoceros* is not a very good play in spite of a valid theme, effective moments, and a brilliant performance by Zero Mostel. I found it a one-acter stretched beyond its substance and was persistently plagued by the feeling that it would have been both funnier and subtler in French. I am also growing weary of the no-hero hero: the little fellow, the nobody, who alone does not join the herd. Are we not through with the elevation of the simple slob and ready for the return of conscious will?

THIS HUNGER for conviction and true elevation that I am sure resides in many is fed in a theatrical experience which has nothing to do with Broadway: a production on tape of Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Consul* which pay-television viewers in Toronto are now seeing for $1.50 and which may well revolutionize the broadcasting medium. Produced by Jean Dalrymple for Telemeter, it is the most shattering emotional experience I can remember in a long time, either on stage or screen. Of the highest artistic quality, with Patricia Neway again as the tragic Magda Sorel, slowly crushed between the forces of a police state and the bureaucracy of a free state to which she might flee, this *Consul* shows the depth and passion and beauty which the small screen can contain and the techniques which can convey them. Here, Bill Butler and William A. Graham have used an imagination that surmounts the limitations of space or, if you will, takes full advantage of the intensity that the close-ups and disciplined staging provide.

Of limitations in time there are none. The opera runs its full two hours and eighteen minutes, with two intermissions of five minutes each, blessed by silence and ended by a buzzer.

One masterpiece doesn't prove pay television. But it shows what it can be.

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By C. P. SNOW

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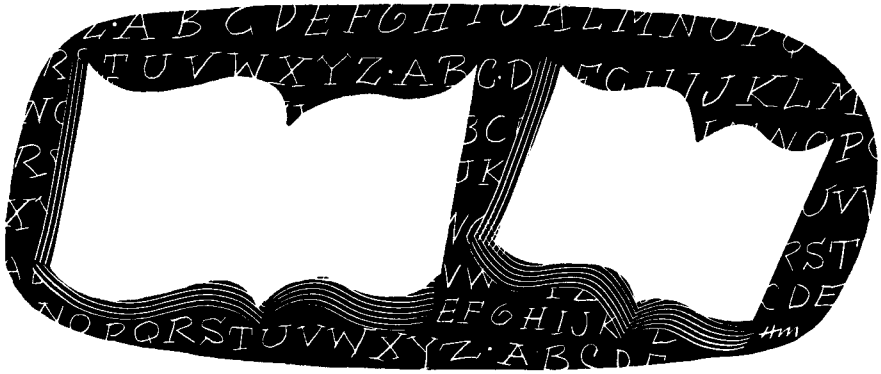

The Great American Purpose Hunt

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

EXCELLENCE, by John W. Gardner. *Harper. $3.95.*

The word "excellence" has been moving up fast in the national "dialogue," and appears to have passed "pluralism," although it is still behind "affluence" and "breakthrough" (three breakthroughs in one recent Presidential news conference). In the massive current literature of American self-examination and self-exhortation, a fit of national self-consciousness in which we keep looking at our American selves in the mirror, we have mostly come up with pejorative epithets: "status seeker," "hidden persuaders," "power elite," "organization man." "Excellence" is one of the few new clichés on the other side, indicating not what we are and shouldn't be but what we should be and aren't.

This book, which is better than much of the literature in this vein, suggests by contrast something of what is wrong with the rest of it. In the first place, although the idea of "excellence" is heavily underlined, Mr. Gardner's book is not a flashy best-seller built around a verbal formula. Also, the problem discussed is not presented as radically new. Rather, the book gives a clear and orderly modern discussion of an old and continuing difficulty: how does a democracy, especially this one, combine accomplishment with equality?

Mr. Gardner indicates that in all societies there is a perennial three-way contest among hereditary privilege, equality, and competitve individual performance. He treats the three in an even-handed way, suggesting that hereditary privilege is not quite as bad, or as absent from our society, as Americans believe, and that the principles of both individual accomplishment and equality have defects and conflicts with each other that Americans may overlook.

Although his treatment has a balanced on-this-side-but-then-on-that-side quality (another contrast to the literature of American self-examination), the main problem he is concerned with, of course, is the threat that equalitarianism poses for individual accomplishment: like hereditary privilege, says Mr. Gardner, it may hold back the individual and his "excellence." Excesses of individualism may be corrected by resistance within the society, he says, but excesses of equalitarianism have no such internal corrective. In an age that increasingly demands "talent," we must be careful (this perhaps is Mr. Gardner's main point) not to "waste" it by failures to identify, train, and encourage it. Mr. Gardner

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is content with some of the ways we do deal with these matters: for example, with the "multiple chances" our society provides for individuals to find what they can do. But we need, he says, an express emphasis on excellence.

THE BOOK has good sense in it on many specific points, as for instance about college—that it is not an institution all should attend, and that honor and status in the society should not depend upon such attendance, because intellectual excellence is but one among the many kinds of achievement of which human beings are capable and for which they should be respected. Mr. Gardner drafted the Rockefeller brothers' pamphlet on education, "The Pursuit of Excellence," and this book retains something of the flavor of a clear, well-compromised report by a good committee.

But there is a difficulty in sorting out any single central concept, especially an abstract quality, and urging and extolling it at length, as Mr. Gardner does with "excellence." It is a little like those celebrations by rationalists which laud without much reasoning the concept of Reason. Just as everybody says that happiness is a by-product, so one may almost say that excellence is a by-product. At least it ordinarily comes from concentrating upon some specific human achievement or purpose rather than upon "excellence" itself. To concentrate upon excellence, to try as it were to excel in excellence, may be self-defeating.

In the latter chapters of this book there is a good deal of rather preachy language about the need to underline and insist upon standards, to be "The Person One Could Be," to "tone up the whole society." This weak and generalized exhortation is the sort of thing we Americans often do, but it is ineffective. It is better to identify concretely and accurately one small specific evil than to give a hundred exhortations to some large but rather vague good.

Moreover, if we must have generalizations, I wonder whether "excellence" is even the right one. I would suggest "responsibility"—at least equally well worn, if not before then at least since that inaugural prayer by Cardinal Cushing. The

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spirit of mass society threatens the intellectual and aesthetic standards indicated by the word "excellence"; but it also threatens the moral and personal engagement of life indicated by the word "responsibility," and I would suppose the latter to be primary. Under modern American conditions life tends, for a variety of reasons, to turn back in on itself in a kind of empty hedonism; to counteract that, one needs not only the claim of excellent achievement but even more of moral involvement and discrimination.

This brings us to another possible fault in the book—or at best a fault the book reminds us of—which applies also to most of the literature of the Great American Purpose Hunt: it is usually assumed that the solutions to our problems are already present in the ideas and institutions Americans have always had and praised. What we need is to "recapture," to "reaffirm," to "rededicate." But should we assume that old American ideas have implicitly solved all present and future problems? Our present faults may rest not only in a failure to come up to traditional American standards, but also, sometimes, even in the inadequacy of the standards themselves. Perhaps neither our individualism nor our equalitarianism has ever had enough of a discriminating awareness of the social and moral claims of the common good, an awareness our advanced technical society very much requires and does not have enough of.

MUCH of Mr. Gardner's book is not about these large matters but rather more specifically about education and about the way human beings are selected and trained in our society. About these subjects—about the hunt for talent, the nature of talent, the characteristics of our present educational system—Mr. Gardner is sensible. He recognizes the problem of intellectual achievement in our democratic society, and at the same time he does not make that achievement the only one to be sought and emphasized. He admits the problem a free society has in keeping its members judging and thinking (too often it turns out that our "freedom" is freedom from thought and purpose), but at the same time he is not strident or despairing about this complicated American enterprise. To apply a very American if not exactly an excellent test, this is a useful book.

Silk Jungle

GEORGE STEINER

THE KEY, by Junichiro Tanizaki. *Knopf. $3.50.*

Two powerful but contradictory currents are passing through the novel. In its technical forms fiction, everywhere except in France, has gone conservative. The experiments with poetic prose, stream of consciousness, and surrealism which characterized many of the most important novels of the 1920's and 1930's are out of vogue. Such radicals as James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Hermann Broch, and the early Faulkner have found few successors. The modes of narrative now in fashion are sparse, dry, and straightforward. There is nothing in either *Doctor Zhivago* or *The Leopard*—probably the two ranking novels of the past decade—beyond the technical reach of nineteenth-century fiction.

But although its forms are conservative and even Victorian (witness the art of C. P. Snow) the novel has become wild in its subject matter. All barriers of conventional reticence are down. This is especially true in the matter of sexual relations. Motifs and conditions of sexual feeling that used to be relegated below the counter or inside the private domain of erotica are now the stock in trade of the best-seller. Sadism, homosexuality, lesbianism, impotence, perversions of every order are flaunted under the imprints of the most stal-

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wart and literary publishers. In the recent works of John Updike, Norman Mailer, Vance Bourjaily, and William Styron—to cite only those names most prominently in view—there are detailed accounts of sexual encounters and tastes that could never before have passed into the general book trade. And with each month the search for material yet more audacious or flagrant continues. The very iconography of what was formerly sold as curiosa in the back room—the young woman with the whip, the mixed couple, the drug addict in his pale garb of lust—has become the clichés of advertisement.

The reasons for this breakdown in the unwritten code of literature are numerous and complex. The core of the classic novel is precisely the relation between men and women, as that of the epic is the relation between men and gods. Coming in the wake of the masters, the modern novelist has found himself at a loss. It is difficult to go beyond Flaubert, Tolstoy, or D. H. Lawrence in one's vision and formal treatment of sexual passion. The temptation to enter the byways of erotic feeling and the underground of love in order to say something new and arresting is strong. We see it nobly at work in Proust, in Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, and in Faulkner's masterpiece, *The Sound and the Fury*.

Moreover, the political chaos and violence endemic in our age have undoubtedly provoked a dissolution of moral and aesthetic conventions. Seeking to represent on a private scale the sadism and obscenity of modern war or police-state terror, the novelist finds a dramatic equivalent in sex. The stream of verbal obscenity and erotic interludes in the recent war novel is a device both of criticism and of self-defense. The orators of the four-letter word are expressing a bitter and just view of war; and at the same time they are defending their own identity against the mechanized inhumanity of death. A man who comes home from the world of *The Naked and the Dead* will find it difficult to purge either his language or his fancies.

Third, there is the historical coincidence that certain novels dealing with scabrous or previously illicit themes have achieved great critical

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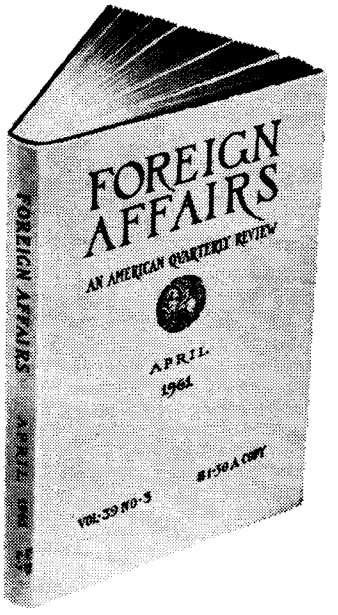

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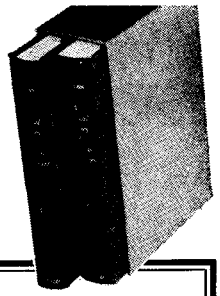

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Acrostician—

LUTHER H. HODGES

as well as popular renown. *Lolita* enlarged immensely the domains open to the commercial novelist and trade publisher. Without it, I would guess that neither such books as Agnar Mykle's *Lasso Round the Moon* nor Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* would have found such easy publication. What Zola did for his time, Nabokov has done for ours.

Only against this background can one understand the purpose and quality of Junichiro Tanizaki's *The Key*. Here is a novel dealing with one of the most recondite and unexplored provinces of sexual life: the flare of lust in late middle age. Only one other novelist has really gone into this matter, Thomas Mann in *The Black Swan*. I would like to know whether Tanizaki has read Mann's novella. His own tale shares with it a cruel elegance of form and narrative style. And though I know no Japanese, Howard Hibbett's translation sounds absolutely right: intimate and remote, fierce and gentle.

The plot has a naked simplicity. A fifty-five-year-old Japanese professor, feeling himself upon the gray verge of old age and diminishing potency, sets out to deprave his own wife. Ikuko is ten years younger and is endowed with sensual appetites and capacities beyond the ordinary. But in the course of marriage she has never yielded to the fantasies and sexual adventurousness of her husband. Their commerce has been furtive and monotonous, yet exacting. Now, possessed at once by an autumnal blaze of desire and a sense of waning power, the husband seeks to rouse in his wife the lecheries of his own imagination. He uses all the means at his command: liquor, voyeurism, photographs. He succeeds only too well. Ikuko's dormant lasciviousness is wakened to a frenzy. She takes a lover (part of her husband's scheme of corruption). She grows cunning and insatiable. She has the urge to drive her husband "to paroxysms of desire." In her unflagging arms he suffers a fatal stroke.

This grim, bawdy fable is narrated via the diaries of husband and wife. The husband wishes his diary to be read so that its sensuality may kindle and disturb Ikuko. She tries to conceal her feelings from him but knows her little rice-paper volume will be found and thus puts half-truths in it. There are only two other characters: Kimura, the friend and lover, and Toshiko, the daughter. She is an astounding creation: disgusted by what her father is doing yet jealous of her mother's charms, she fosters the conspiracy of lust and drives Ikuko into Kimura's bed. After her father's death, she will marry Kimura. The silk screen glides open onto a new nightmare.

Tanizaki gives to these unsavory themes a kind of cold ferocity. Between these four "sly, secretive" persons love becomes an exercise in stealth. The husband, the "I" of the diary, becomes "an animal that lives by night." That is the essential image of *The Key*. On a deliberately private and miniature scale, it is an allegory of the major tragedy of our age, the bestialization of the soul. As the man bends over his drugged wife, or as she drives his blood to a fatal frenzy, Tanizaki conveys to us the kinship of love and cruelty. And the struggle is made more implacable by the continuation of "normal" life; looked at from outside the garden, the house is that of a respectable academic and his most respectable, somewhat dull wife.

THIS NOVEL enforces, by example, an extremely difficult but crucial distinction—a distinction critics are going to have to be increasingly alert to. Real art can be obscene without being pornographic. Where imagination and desire overcome the sense of the humane, where human beings are treated in love or hate as objects, we get obscenity. Such obscenity is a legitimate part of a vision of conduct, whether in Dante's *Inferno*, in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*, or in Tanizaki. When the obscene is shown without a simultaneous commitment of moral feeling, when it is exhibited as it were from outside, we get pornography. Pornography is obscenity gone frivolous.

The Key makes its points with unsparing directness, but it does not titillate. On the contrary; it is a sad book, as some of the classics of erotica such as *Les Liaisons dangereuses* are sad. It speaks of the thin line that divides man from the blackness inside himself. It leaves one both roused and afraid.

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Round Peg, Square World

ANN BIRSTEIN

TAKE A GIRL LIKE YOU, by Kingsley Amis. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.*

In *Take a Girl Like You,* Kingsley Amis continues his study of the academic (and/or literary) schlemiel, begun so brilliantly in *Lucky Jim* and carried through with a few fine variations in *That Uncertain Feeling* and *I Like It Here.* Obviously, Mr. Amis works close to life, or perhaps life really does imitate art. In any case, as soon as his first book came out, Lucky Jims began to appear on campuses all over the place, those young college instructors now recognizable to us all who blunder about the groves of academe making faces at the upper echelons and, by implication, at the world in general.

The latest hero, Patrick Standish, is clearly their blood brother. Like the marvelously maladroit young intellectuals who preceded him in Mr. Amis's other books, Jim Dixon, John Lewis the librarian, and Garnet Bowen, minor man of letters, he is very much a round peg in a square world. Officialdom despises him (" 'Now just listen to me, Standish. There are too many of your kind about these days. When I was a young man, the position of schoolmaster carried with it a sense of responsibility. A teacher was supposed to set an example to the community. . . . if he didn't, he went *out*' "); his friends lead him astray; and sex, usually at least a distraction in cases of this kind, becomes either an impossible fantasy or a nightmare, depending on which woman happens to be blocking his vision at the moment.

Patrick, of course, is displaced because he is non-U, and, feeling this very keenly, is by turns pugnacious, defeated, crafty, resigned, or merely dead drunk, in the wrong places at the wrong times. He spends so much time fleeing to various bathrooms that one begins to feel they are his only sanctuary. Along with the others, Patrick, it seems, is a fine old comic type, the one who butts his head against the stone wall, the one who takes the pratfall, the one who turns around and gives us the raspberry. Except that it doesn't work out that way. When you start with a schlemiel, two or three books later you wind up with a schlemiel. And this worm's-eye view of the world, which is pretty funny in the beginning, ends by being vaguely depressing.

THE ARGUMENT to this is that like it or not, life is like that, that the joke is always on some hard-luck guy knocking his brains out against society. Which is all right with me if he has earned his hard luck by being something or caring for something that an absurd world opposes, or if he is really knocking his brains out—in other words, if the commentary is on the world, not just on the clown. But with Kingsley Amis, exactly the opposite happens. Far from looking for trouble, his heroes are all peculiarly passive, in fact very much like all the sensitive young men of literature, except that here they are viewed humorously and in reverse. Everything impinges on them, they are constantly quiver-

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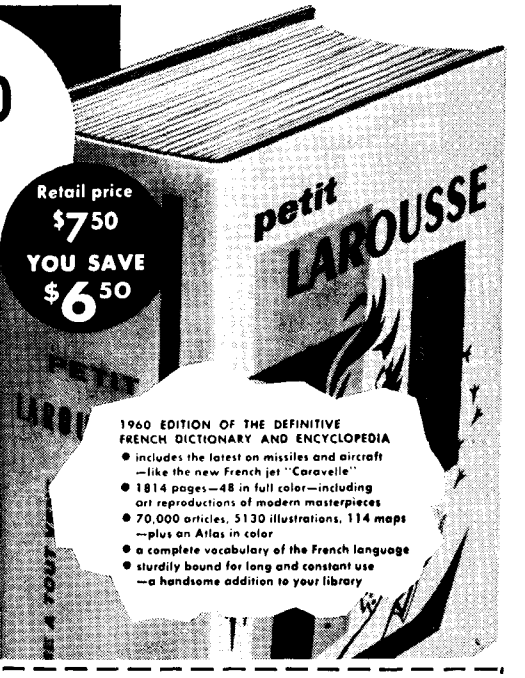

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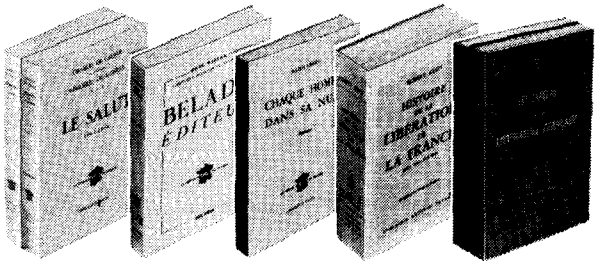

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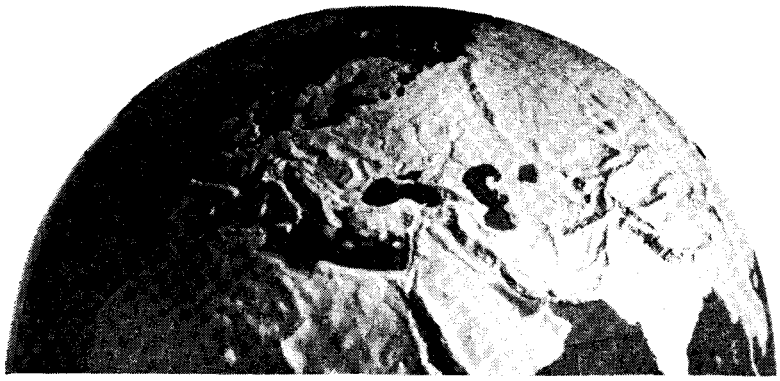

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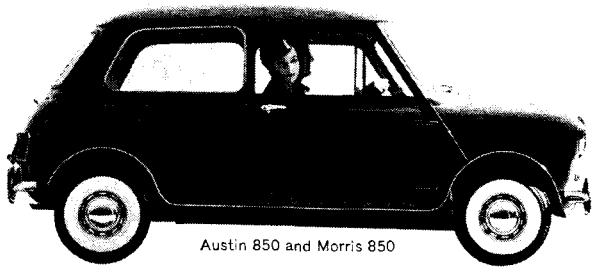

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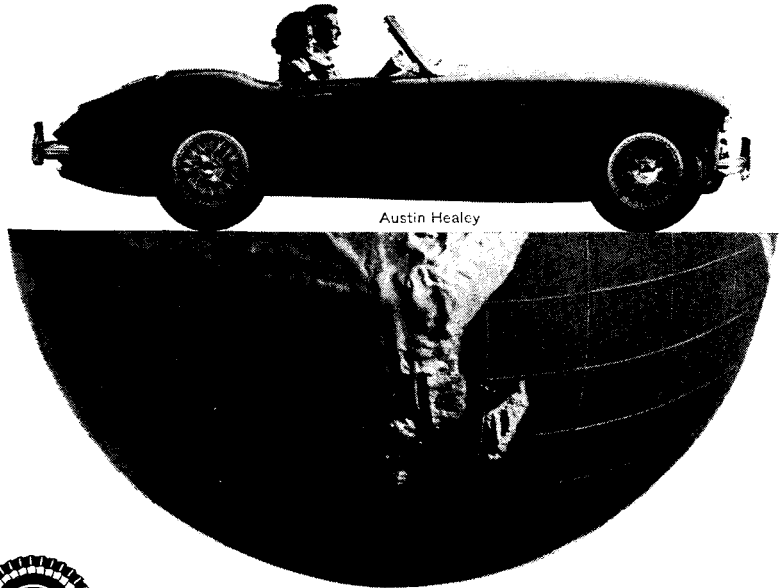

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ing with repressed sensibilities, but when the faces have been made and the tongues stuck out, it is very hard to see what they are so sensitive *about*.

Obviously, there's no fundamental quarrel with the existing social order, since to be belligerently non-U is like throwing rocks at a church window, the deepest kind of obeisance toward the higher powers. And obviously it's not a question of thwarted personal ambition either, since although Patrick is bored sick teaching Cicero, and Garnet Bowen is forced to spend the prime morning hours writing a play his wife thinks he ought to, and so on, there's nothing else they would *rather* be doing short of doing nothing at all.

No, it's all a matter of terribly private reactions, and by extension terribly smug ones, while the outside world gets smaller and smaller until, in *Take a Girl Like You,* the whole problem has shrunk to how to sleep with a nice girl without actually marrying her. In the end, I think I prefer the fuddy-duddy college secretary to Patrick. At least the secretary is a true flower of academic pomposity, whereas Patrick is only a sort of ineffectual scoundrel, ineffectual because he is Patrick, and a scoundrel because, I suppose, he has to be *something*.

To me one of the really funny parts of these books is how the women take over (we have all been warned about this, not least by James Thurber, and this is a case where it has actually happened), so much so in fact that by the time we get to the latest one, Patrick shares the honors as protagonist with Jenny Bunn, a dazzlingly beautiful young schoolmistress bent on preserving her virginity and her "Bible class ideas." Readers of Mr. Amis's other books would have seen this coming, since the women in them have always been among his most vivid characters. All of Mr. Amis's women are real women, even if they are only wryly observing the scene or flying off in tangents. No one has expected them to act like men in the first place, which is perhaps why Mr. Amis is so successful with them. But as to whether a man ought to be a man, even in a comic novel—well, that's another matter entirely.

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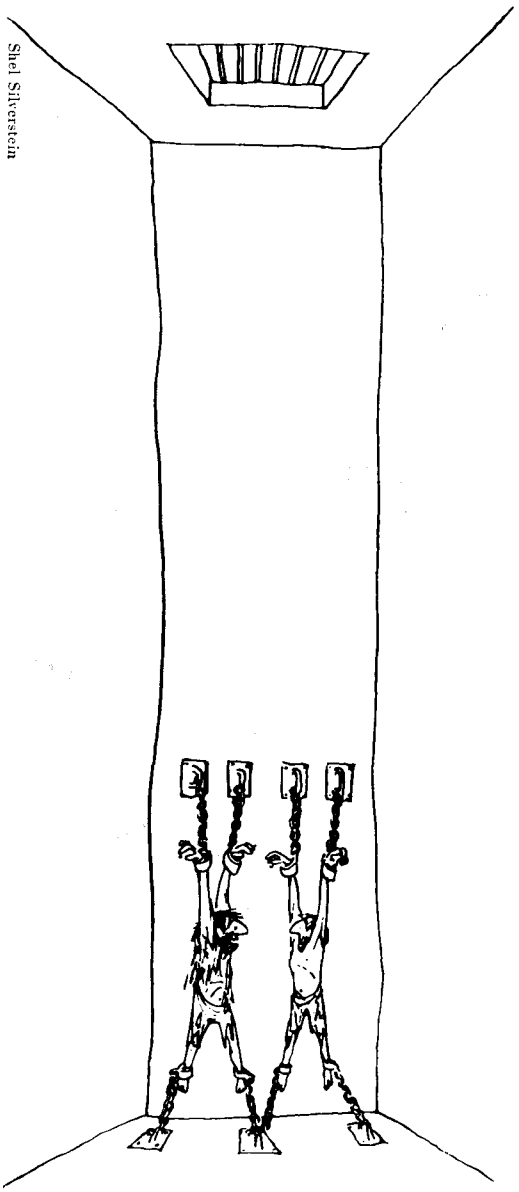

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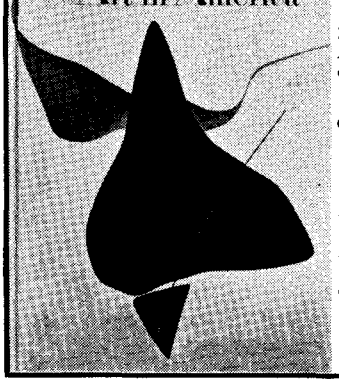

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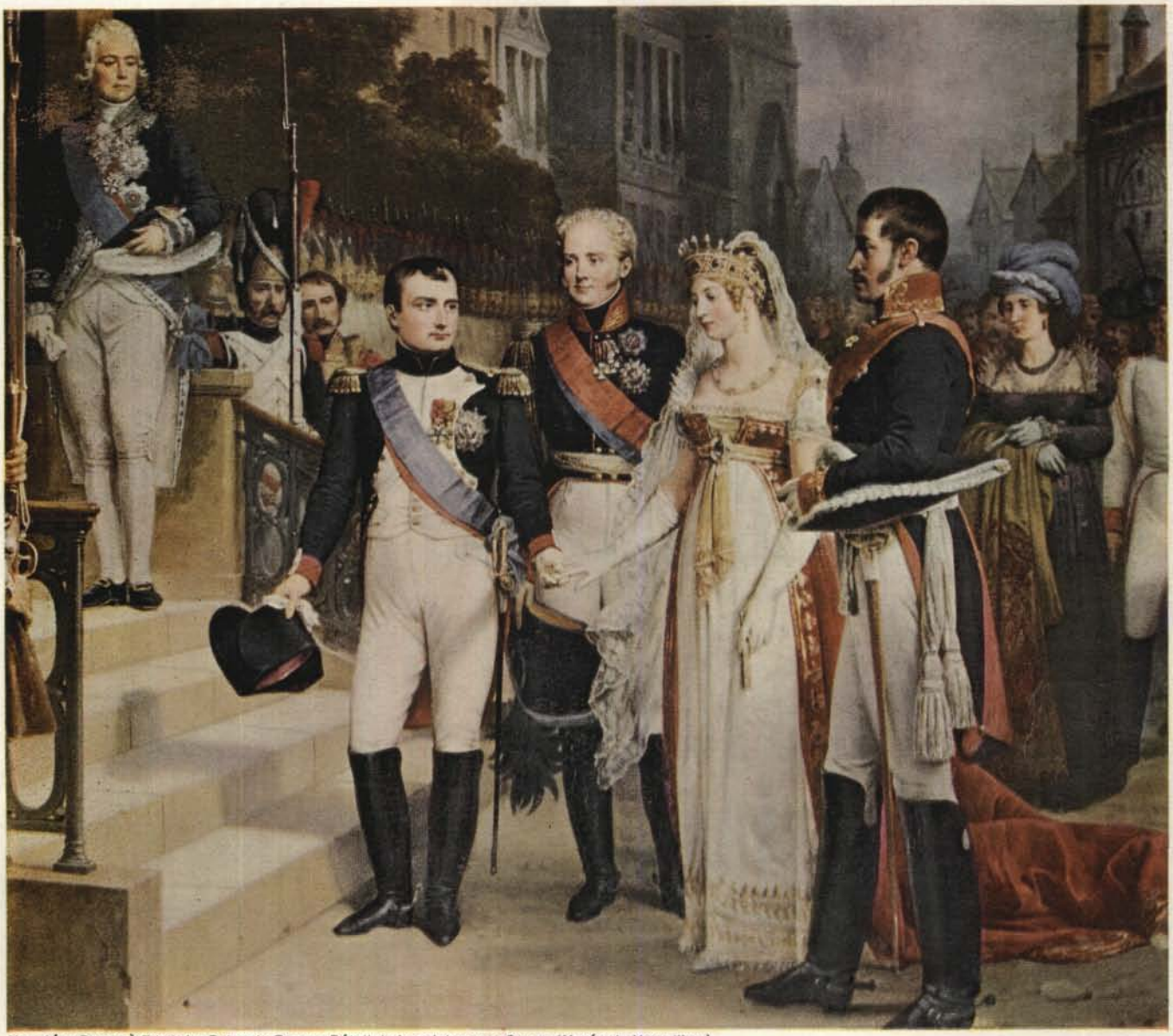

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